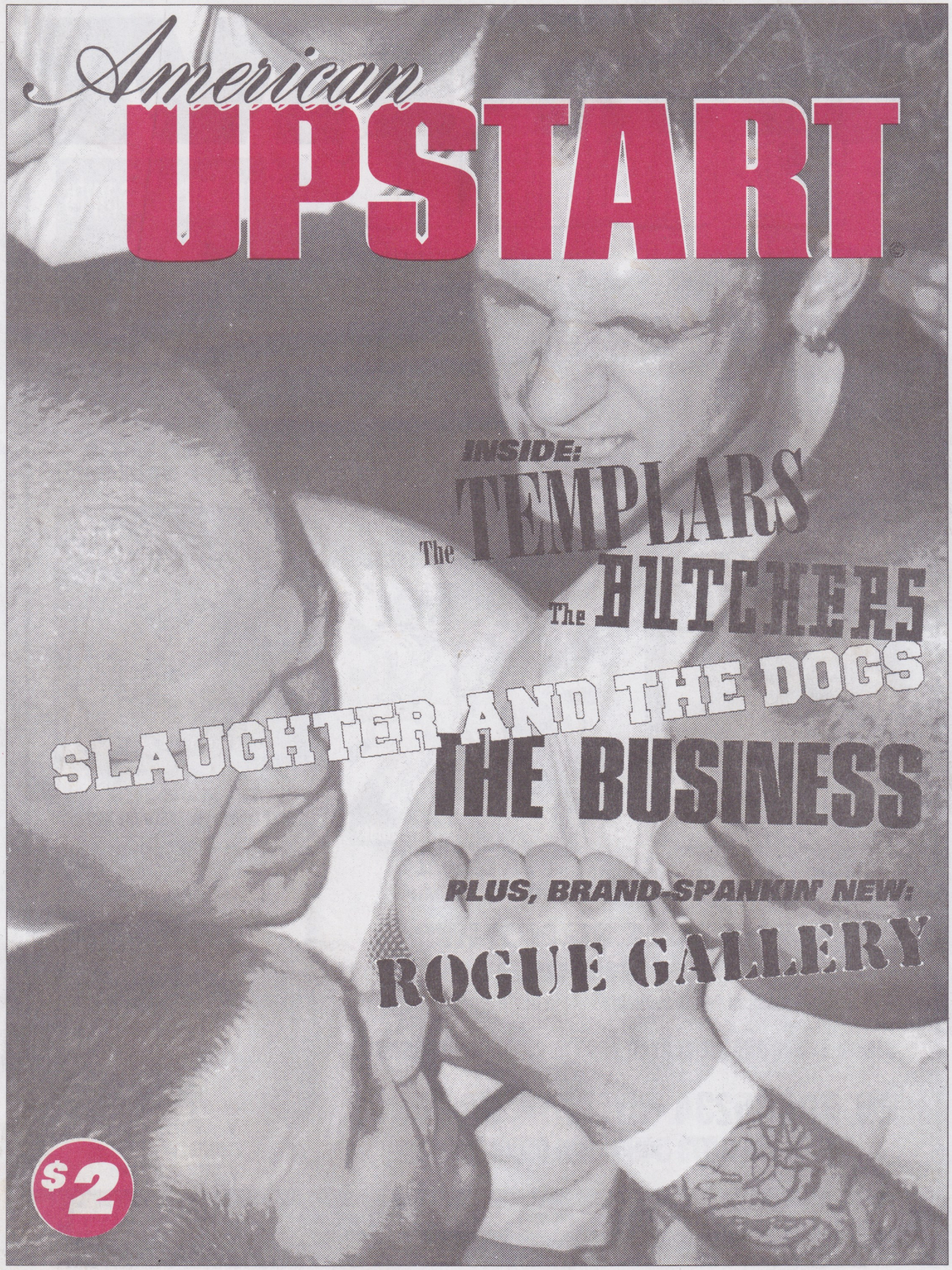
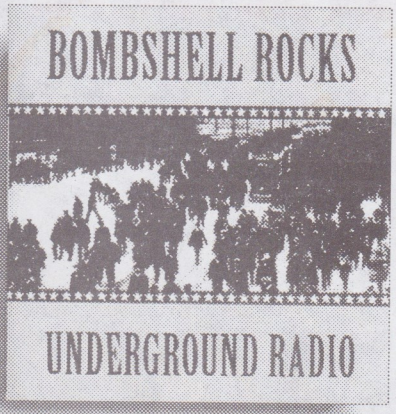
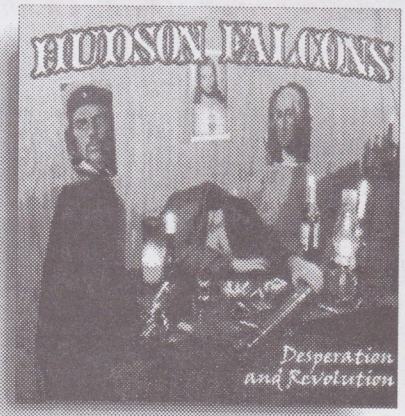

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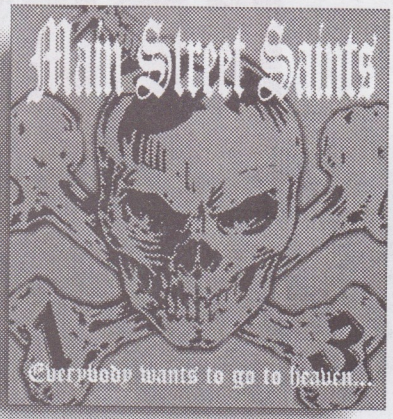
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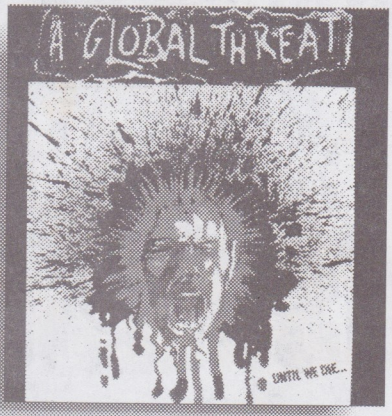
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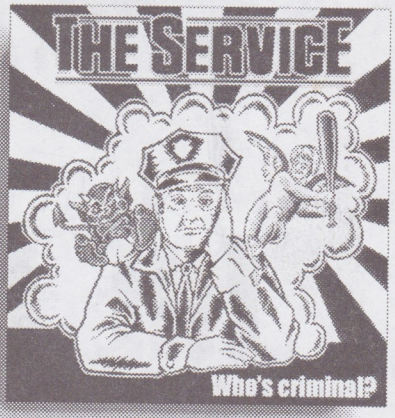
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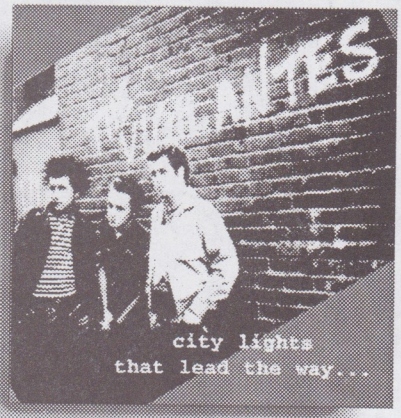
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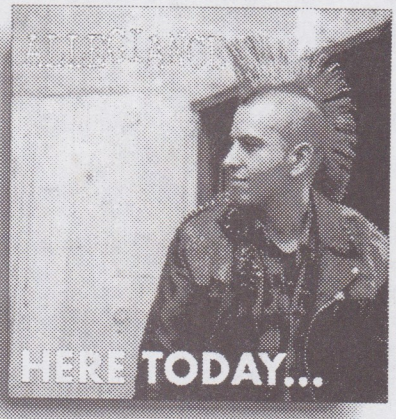
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THE VIGILANTES
CITY LIGHTS THAT LEAD THE WAY...



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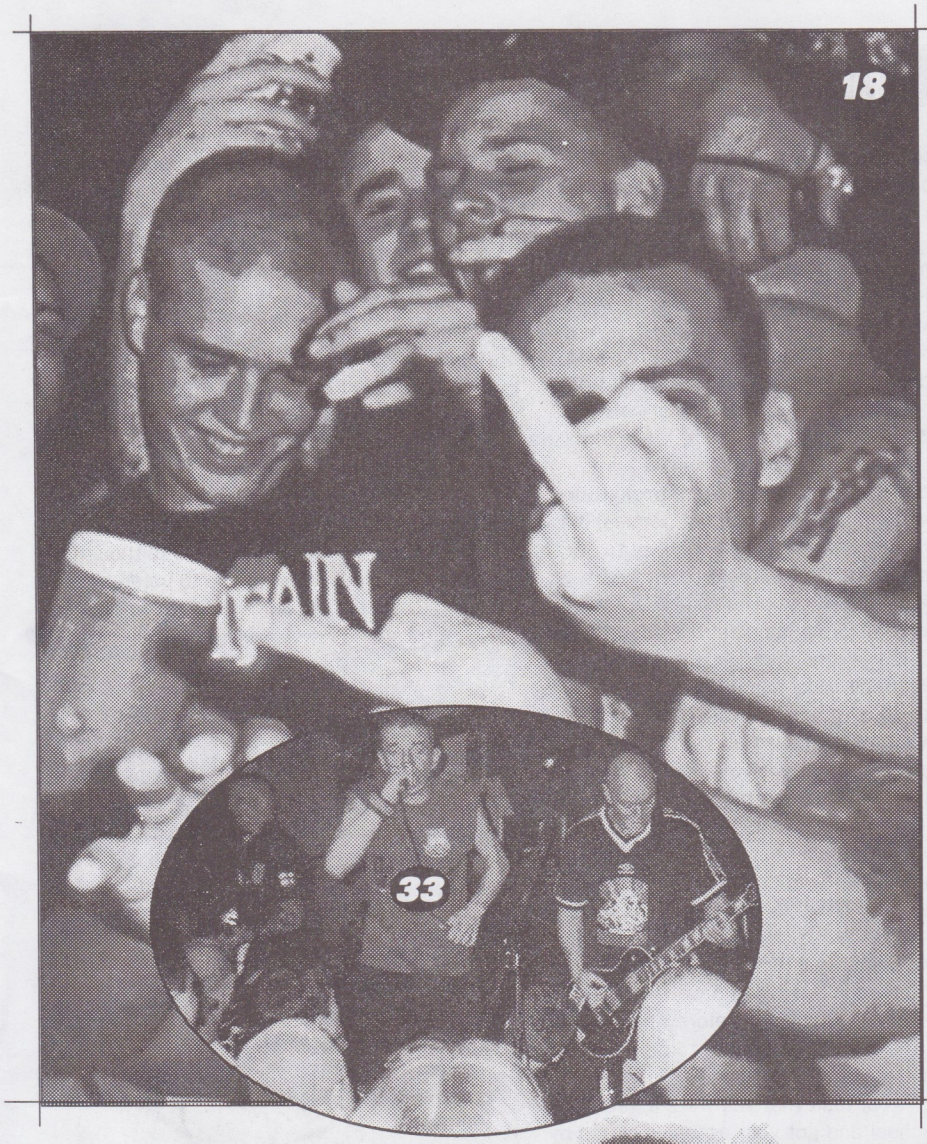
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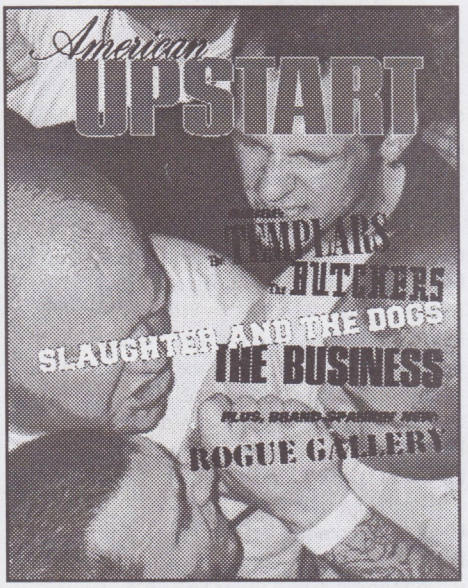
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About the cover: A prelude to this summer's Midwest Oi Fest 2000 in Kansas City, Missouri, to be held at the Historic El Torreon Ballroom at 31st and Gillham. This photo was taken while on stage by bass player Tim Nord of the Main Street Saints in Mesa, Arizona at the 1999 West Coast Oi Fest.



American UPSTART

Issue Seven Summer 2000

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from the editor

Damn, are we late or what? I truly apologize for the zines tardiness. But folks sometimes life just doesn't care that the good people of America want to read a little rag about skins, punks and the general concensus of the Midwest. Can ya blame it?

In your hands you hold the work of two dedicated, tired, creative, tired, inspired, tired, hardworking and tired individuals. Now I knew when I started this little venture into forcing my opinions onto the masses that it was not easy work, hell most zines don't make it past a second issue and I for one can't blame them. This is hard fucking work. Let me assure you though that I would not be doing this if I didn't enjoy it. I love the music, I love this scene and will do anything I can to support it. All I'm asking for folks, is for a bit of help. Each issue we get bigger, more records come in for review and more bands want to be interviewed. I make more connections across the states and even across the sea, and to be honest it is almost a dream come true. But with each growth spurt comes that much more work. Don't get me wrong, I'm not asking to be bailed out of my situation cause it got too hard, hell no. I need people to review records, and you know what no one I know (other than the few bravehearts I've forced into submission already) is willing to do it. I figured If I threw out word that I had practically free records up for grab that I'd be warding folks away with a shovel. NO. I was floored at the blank stares I received

Guy: "Hey Tim, this sounds great what is it?"
Me: "It's the OiBeerLouts, ya want it?"
Happy Guy: "Yeah sure"
Me: "Can you write about 50 words to describe what it is you like about it?"
Sad Guy "Nah, forget it"

I look over at the pile of CDs, 7's, and LPs that litter the Official Upstart Room at the Official Upstart Headquarters. These people expect something out of us, they didn't send in their heart and soul on a slab of wax (or in most cases plastic) just to sit in a crate or be excluded cause I ran out of time.

So who wants em? I am now officially on the look out for PERMANENT/ CONSISTENT/ OPINIONATED /TRUSTWORTHY reviewers. I don't care where you fucking live. I will send you boxes of CD's to review. Tell me what you like, hardcore, ska, oi, punk, pop, I get it all. Just send me a sample of your writing and we'll take it from there.

Also, anyone interested in interviewing their favorite local band, writing about the goings on in your area, venting about the state of the nation, you've heard me spew this all before. I need you, the reader the musician, the writer and the thug to help make this zine stronger and bigger with each issue on the street. If you are happy and content reading my opinions over and over so be it, but if you got something to say, then write it down and get it to me.

Second verse same as the first, who said that? I know, and I think it often times helps in reviewing CDs, and what not, that I've listened to many different kinds of music in my life. Not all of it I like, some I was forced to listen to, others were background seranades played overhead at parties, but I remember it. Music has a tendency to stick with me, I find it really dear to my heart. So it fucking pisses me off when I read reviews in other unfuckingnamable, but soon to be named, zines/publications that slam bands because their an oi band!!!!! I gotta a fucking hint for you "too cool for oi" scenesters, quit reviewing music. Or try as hard as it may be for your sensitive reviewing ears to stick to a brand of music you do prefer. I won't review emo, cause I hate emo, I won't review ska, cause what my perception of ska is and what it has become have changed, I don't review college radio trend followers cause I have no respect for them. It's not fair to the bands. It's like being on a jury, if I'm ready to convict the person because I have already made up my mind about them before I have even heard the evidence I'm unfit to be responsible for their fate.

Is it our fault that you were a geek in high school and got your asses whooped by skinheads or some other large menacing group? Let me state right now and for the record that no members of the *Main Street Saints* ever stuck a man's head in the toilet during our formative high school years. But ya know what? It's come up in reviews. Hell no, we don't need to talk about the music, let's talk about the fact that I was tormented in high school by a group of bullies and this band reminds me of them. Hey I'm sorry chump, but I didn't go to your high school so leave it out of your review.

Hey editors, if you got a guy who consistantly slams a certian type of music, get a fucking clue and give him something different to review or send him out to get you a Big fucking Mac.

This isn't just some personal quest of mine either cause I disagreed with a reviewer who slammed my band. I hate seeing this shit, this zine started cause of one-sided, blind reviews of oi bands. Zines pointing fingers at skinhead bands for ruining their scene, fucking up their shows. Unless the band contains the individual or individuals directly responsible for the act that you are so upset about, you should not factor it into the review. I've never been to California, so don't blame me for the skinhead violence at your shows. Hey if ya come to KC, we'll kick your ass and give you a reason to hate us, but until that happens keep it out of your reviews.

Holier-than-thou-left wing political zines should just politely return the proud american, working class CD instead of saying "I'm tried of this pro-american, working class ethic crap being shoved down my throat." Cause we didn't force it down your throat. You opened it and put it in your own stereo. I wasn't there with a baseball bat (although, now I wish I was) forcing you to listen to our music. You could of said no. But you didn't.

Enough.

American UPSTART

Issue Seven Summer 2000

departments

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American Upstart, LLC

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Sniper

interviews
Timothy Nord
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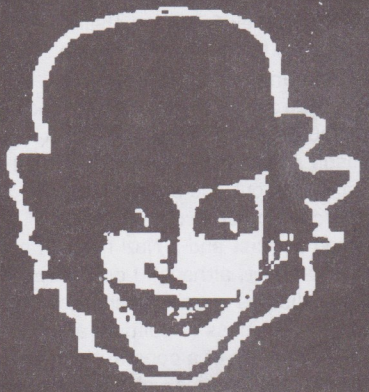
'77 & pogo Punk Rock Rocksteady

Oi! Ska Streetpunk

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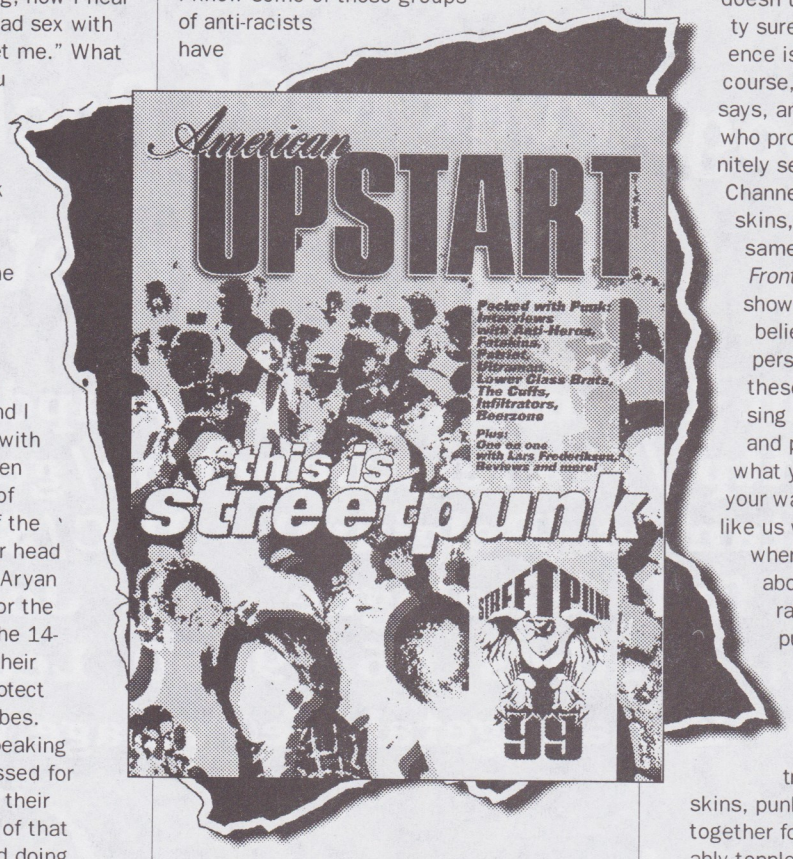
The Sound Of The Streets!

backlash

[Dear American Upstart:]

Hey there oi boy!

I just got your publication in the mail. I was very excited to see an oi/streetpunk mag that focused on mostly interviews. As I read it, I became totally annoyed, though. First off, Lars is a total hypocrite. He must of just read a book on spiritual enlightenment. 'Cause his statement of "Love and Tolerance" was so dirty hippy, I had to laugh out loud. The thing is, I remember Lars back in the late `80s. He was deep into the white pride punks and skins. He was a dirty alley punk. He had just got done doing something with the *U.K. Subs* or something, now I hear this guy saying shit like, "I've had sex with lots of black girls, come and get me." What a fuckin' idiot. I mean, sure you have pride in your self and race. If not you really need to re-think what scene you're in. I hear these guys talk about how they aren't white power, but they hate gays and hippies. Wake up dumb ass! The same people that have made it acceptable to be gay (which is against nature itself) are also pushing for the one race planet shit. I look through your mag and I see a bunch of whites, hangin' with whites, admiring whites, and then talking down about the groups of whites that have made some of the greatest contributions. Use your head for a minute, the W.A.R. (White Aryan Resistance) passed out flyers for the betterment of the white race. The 14-word press does everything in their power to help the white race protect the individual heritage of the tribes. You got all these other races speaking out about how they were oppressed for so long and now they finally get their moment in the sun. The people of that race are up in arms about it and doing everything they can to support those leaders. Then you got the white race who for some reason shames the members of their race for speaking out and stating that we need [to] preserve our own heritage. I've been labeled a racist and a Nazi most of my life. A Nazi I am not, although I do believe national socialism is a great strengthener for just about any business or political arena. The truth is I'm more of a constitutionalist or constitutional idealist. I look at the new resurgence of the punk scene and the oi scene getting big. As a bastard child of a majestic event. See back in the `80s there was uncertainty, mystery and creativity. The skin/oi bands back then never made mention of any stance on race. Except for maybe *Klasse Kriminale*. The crowds at the shows occasionally got out of hand, but that was the thrill of it all. We now have a scene where if you feel any kind of emotion or pride toward something you had better repress it or the cool anti-racists will make sure you get your ass kicked. Which brings me to another point. These so called Anti-Racist Skinheads are a joke. What exactly are they saying by the whole anti-racist thing? They go around beating up white boys that are white power or even have deep pride in their race. Doesn't that make them the racists? 'Cause I know some of these groups of anti-racists have



races other than just whites in them and they are going around beating up whites, pretty much exclusively. So what the hell would you call these black skinheads that are beating the hell out of all these white guys? Racists, of course. To the editor I ask this question, Where do you stand on all of this? The reason I ask is simple. You are putting together an oi/streepunk rag and yet only skins/punks that fall into the line of P.C. America are represented. If you want to put out a good oi 'zine then you should represent all the bands no matter what their politics are. I'd like you to tell me that *Brutal Attack, Skrewdriver* and *Max Resist* aren't oi/streetpunk and didn't inspire several bands to start playing music. It's funny that a lot of the anti-racist bands in your mag list *AC/DC* as an inspiring band, 'cause as we all know, 'Driver was totally into *AC/DC*. See I'm an oi boy from way back when and all I've ever wanted to do is keep our scene/race strong, but this new order of people who have bought and sold the scene are pushing this anti-crap. Most of these people are Jewish - Brett Gurewitz, Fat Mike, and several others. I listened to Business for a long time and when "The Truth..." came out I was excited. Then I hear this lyric that just blows me away. "Does it matter if you are black or white, blah, blah." Well the thing is, that doesn't even need to be said. I'm pretty sure Mickey knows who his audience is. They are 99.99.99% white. Of course, when I hear Lars say what he says, and knowing that he was the one who produced that album. I can definitely see where that came from. Channel three shows were full of W.P. skins, *Lockjaw* shows were full of the same, so was *Poison Idea*, *Agnostic Front*, *Business* and, *Last Resort* shows, et cetera. I was there, believe that I'm telling the truth. I personally hung out with a lot of these bands. If you don't want to sing about your stance on heritage and personal pride that's fine, but what you don't need to do is go out of your way to say, "Hey, you guys can like us we're not racists." In a world where the people who speak out about heritage are labeled as racists. Where to be liked in the punk/oi scene you have [to] make sure everybody knows you're not a racist. I happily stand defiant. I do believe in my family, race, and the true rebels. If enough of you skins, punks, greasers, and oi boys stood together for a good cause, we could probably topple this wicked society. The way you all sound right now though, is like a street punk version of *Rage Against the Machine*. You know the group with the half breed lead singer that sings about how evil the white race is. Great band, huh? So Timothy Nord if you personally want to talk to me, I'd be happy to hear your side of this. Or if you want to print this in the mag that's fine, too. It's funny that in the whole crowd at your Streetpunk '99 festival, there was only one black and you made sure he made the first page of your mag. You crazy skinhead type. At least that guy from Patriot could see how stupid the S.H.A.R.P. Group was. I wish more people could do that. O.K. So you're not a racist so leave it at that. You

don't need to go out and say I'm anti-white. I would really like some feedback on this. I live and die the music, so I'll never go away.

If the kids were united we would never be divided.

Paul Morrison
Susanville, California

P.S. Tim is that you in the picture with your face deep in some crotch? You know the advertisement for *Sister Mary Rotten Crotch*.

Paul Morrison H72927
P.O. Box 2210 L2-240up
Susanville, CA. 96127-2210

Paul,

Right now you are the opposite of Tim Yohannan (R.I.P.), the guy who pissed me off to the point that I started this zine. Tim was so concerned about the politcal stance of the skinheads bands that came through Maximum Rock-n-Roll *that he would look for any incriminating evidance to convict the band as fascists. Tim called my band fascist because we did not state anywhere on the record that we have and will always honor the pledge of the left-wing-liberal front-coalition army. I was pissed, pissed at a guy who couldn't just listen to the fuckin music but had to put a stamp on everything.*

Now I have you, you can't just fuckin read the zine can you? Are you going to stop reading it if I do not meet your political expectation? You need the label don't ya. You need the commitment, the dedication, the pride and honor, the blood and honor. It doesn't matter that you like the bands interviewed, it doesn't matter that you chuckle out loud while reading on the crapper. Take a look at what you have in your hands: it is a skinhead zine, plain and simple. I have my personal set of beliefs, my personal pride and quiet honestly that is about all you or anybody else needs to know.

I'll tell you stories about what I did when you were eating shit out of your diapers, I'll tell you the often funny and hysterical stories of !ife on the road with the best fuckin oi band in the Midwest! I'll tell you how I smashed some fuck for lookin at me crosseyed. But I could care less about pleasing you or anyone else. I'm not doing this to gain any sort of acceptance from anyone. If people like American Upstart, *great. If not, don't buy it or have yer pal send you one in the joint. I could give two shits whether or not I make it on anyones buddy list.*

I feel I have already wasted too much energy on the subject. You wanna write me and tell me about the bad day you had or some story, go ahead. Just don't waste my time pestering me about how "I" should open "my" eyes, cause my eyes are wide fuckin open and I don't like much of anything that I see.

Just to clear up a few things. No, that is not me on the record cover. If you look real close, he's not even a white guy. Second, The "one black" on the table of contents page was not from the Streetpunk `99, and nothing in that issue actually covered SP99 other than the interviews with bands playing. That pic was taken in Atlanta at an Anti-Heros show, sorry to blow your token black theory. It was just a good picture and I need to fill space.

BITCH HERE

Oh, did somebody say something you don't like? Quit whining! Send your comments, compliments or criticisms to:

American Upstart
Attn: backlash
P.O. Box 10005
Kansas City, MO 64171
upstart@kc.net



rants

Just my opinion...

By James Cabel

Well I figured, "What the fuck, jump on a soapbox and rant and rave for a bit". So here I go. Basically I want to air my views on the English wanna-be's out there. First off, I actually lived in England for about four years. From 14 to 18 years of age. I went skinhead when I was 15 and this was before "Spirit of 69" was written, so I was forced to dress myself without a "bible" to help. Me and my friends were all pretty casual. Flight jackets, boots and t-shirts were universal. Some of us wore braces, some of us didn't. But we were all skinheads. I can't recall any of my friends ever wearing Ben Shermans or Fred Perrys and for the life of me can't even imagine any of us in a suit. That's not to say skinheads didn't dress that way because some did. Does that mean we weren't real skins? Fuck no! It meant we were individuals, not uniform fashion drones.

Now it's many years later. I'm here to tell you I've met great skinheads right here in the good old U.S. Of A.! American skins are the best in the world. You know why? Because historically and instinctively Americans love to tell others to kiss our ass and do it our fucking way. We take the best others have to offer and then move the fuck on! So if you like reggae and ska then listen to it. If you like overpriced British beer then drink it. If you like wearing Freds, Shermans, suits, etc. Then wear them. But do it because it's what you want to do, not because you read about it in a damn bok. Don't get me wrong. I own that book. I've read that book. Hell... I like that book, but it's not a blueprint for my life. I still wear my flight, bleached jeans and boots. It doesn't make me any more or less of a skin than any of you. So think about that the next time you make a beer run. A six-pack of English beer or a 12-pack of American beer? Seems like an easy choice to me. Because when it comes down to it we're American Skinheads and we're the best there is. So remember that and be proud of it. In this life it's never a good idea to do things just because "you're supposed to." Besides, I actually lived in England and you know what... It wasn't that great.

Hmmmm... next topic for a rant. Now about something simple and uncomplicated like... politics. Politics has absolutely no place in skinhead life. So if you're a Nazi, grow your hair, lose the boots and call yourself what you are - a Nazi. Same for communists, fags, anarchists, etc., etc. Skinhead does not mean political platform. So keep your politics to yourself and keep it out of the scene. I'm a large white heavily tattooed skinhead, so of course all the sheep, drones and citizens out there assume I'm a Nazi. Am I? Of course not, but do I care what they think? Of course not. Some of my views are conservative, some aren't. Everyone has views, that's our right. I am not smart enough to know what's best in anything, let alone politics.

Neither are you. So be a political activist or be a skinhead. But don't be both, and certainly not at the same time. Enough of that.

Well, I guess I've taken up enough of your time for now. Maybe I'll write back again some time and have some kind of debate with Jason. That would be interesting. He's almost as old, obnoxious and opinionated as I am. So until then try to stay out of jail and the morgue. Fee! free to write if you want.

James
c/o American Upstart
PO Box 10005 • K.C., MO 64171

History lesson for Nazi's

My Dad, who was career army, was really into military history and war, particularly World War II. So as a kid it was pretty easy to get him gifts for birthdays, Christmas, etc. Any book on WWII was a sure winner. Consequently there were quite a few books about Nazi Germany around the house. Well I read a few of them and ran across some interesting facts which present-day "Nazi Skinheads" should be aware of. The most notable being "The Night of the Long Knives". Now before I get into this, I should throw in a little warning. If you're a proud member of modern Hitler youth, what I'm about to tell you will shock you, because it's an accurate description of what would happen to you if your so called dream of a modern Hitler came true.

When failed painter and former Corporal Hitler first got into politics, he was little more than a mouthpiece for the Nazis. But he was a very eloquent speaker. Another critical player in this little drama was a man named Ernst Rohm. Rohm was a homosexual, but Hitler ignored this because Rohm was also leader of the S.A. (Sturmastailung, commonly called "Brownshirts"). Now the Brownshirts were the Nazi skinheads of the 30s. Young, white, angry and very, very violent. Their skills were primarily beating up people the Nazi party hated, intimidation, destroying property, etc. Etc. As Hitler grew in power, so did Rohm and his Brownshirts. But Hitler knew there was no place in "his" Germany for the Brownshirts. So Hitler began to secretly strengthen and increase the S.S., his personal soldiers. As the Brownshirts grew in power, Rohm became more brazen and even went so far as to compare himself to Roman Caesar. This infuriated Hitler as did Rohm's homosexuality. When the S.S. was strong enough and Hitler felt he no longer needed the Brownshirts, he did what any smart, ruthless dictator would do; on Hitler's orders (I believe this was in 1933) the S.S. began to systematically kill the Brownshirts, including their leader Ernst Rohm. This event came to be known as "The Night of the Long Knives". If you think about it, it's perfectly logical. The revolution is over, you no longer need those mindless thugs whose only skills are violence, destruction and rebellion. So you use the second generation of thugs to kill the first.

So now having said all of this, I have a question for the skinheads out there who are foot soldiers and cannon fodder for power hungry political extremists. Which generation are you, and when will you out-live your usefulness?

So skinhead, fuck the politics! Fuck the Nazis, communists and all other extremist assholes in-between. Don't be a mindless drone following extremists hungry for power. Be a skinhead, no more, no less. - James

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Discovering Hell

By Jane Charlotte

I discovered hell just last night, practically in my own back yard. I know you too, will find hell very close to where you live. The scary part is, it is getting bigger. Up until last night I was sure hell was exactly as the bible describes it: fire and brimstone. The bottomless lava pit that was preached to me as a young girl. I was proven wrong, however, last night. Hell is in Olathe, Kansas (a suburb of Kansas City, Missouri). Specifically at 119th St. and I-35. The area I mention is probably similar to one close to your house. It is chain store mecca. At least a full square-mile of strip-mall mega-stores such as Super Target and Home Depot with little "baby" chains in between. Plopped in the middle of the parking lots for these money vacuums are free-standing chain restaurants. I had been to hell before, during the day, perhaps that is why I hadn't recognized it as hell, daylight is deceiving. You see, I work near hell, though I live in heaven: the inner city. I even had a reason to go to hell last night, though as soon as I got there, I couldn't get out fast enough. A friend of mine, and drummer for *Sister Mary Rotten Crotch*, mentioned to me that *MARS: The musicians planet* was having its grand opening celebration. They were having a huge sale, giving away free merchandise. I don't mean any old buy-one-get-one-free type sale either. This was the shit. Buy one set of guitar strings get eleven pair free (eleven!), buy one pair bass strings, get five free, same with drumsticks. They were also having a drawing for free crap and all sorts of other promo bull shit. So I had good reason, so I thought, to venture out.

My initial clue that I was approaching hell came about a mile away from my exit (note to self, have highway sign changed to read 'Hell 1 mile'). I had to exit right and there was only one exit lane. It was stop and crawl traffic in that exit lane for about 15 minutes. As I was crawling along the highway, I feared that the traffic jam was directly related to this grand opening celebration. I discovered upon exiting though, that this was just the first of many poorly designed elements in hell that I would experience in the next 15 minutes. I finally reached my exit and then hung a left and headed toward the bright neon lights. In the dark of night, the red, orange and green neon lights screamed in the sky. So loud they frayed at the edges and were hard to read. I was so overwhelmed by the neon noise I became anxious and confused, panicking I would never get out alive.

I traveled down 119th St. trying to squeeze my way through traffic so I could enter the mega-plex right, my heart began to beat very quickly. (I tend to have mini-anxiety attacks when faced with the prospect being sucked into corporate-crap-for-sale plazas.) All I wanted was to see the MARS sign. I began to wimper in the car and beg my God, "Have mercy on me, show me the way!" He finally did.

I spot the *MARS* sign high atop the building. Impressive, maybe. A store for musicians bigger than St. Patricks downtown Cathedral. I turn into the parking lot(s) that I think will lead me to the planet. Unfortunately I misjudged my entry point and wound up two parking lots west of where I really needed to be. Frustrated, I began to drive the maze in search of the big cheese. Within minutes I am within eye-shot of the entrance and that's when I saw it. Hundreds gathered to enter, police directing traffic, not a parking space to be seen, and two lines merging into the store. These weren't just any old "Star Wars: The Phantom Menace" lines either. These were "come get free shit" soup lines that were both about the length of a football field. I couldn't believe my eyes. I thought to myself "there aren't even that many people in this town who know how to hold an instrument, much less play one." I sat in my car for a moment watching the crowd slowly filter into the mega music store. Staring in disbelief I confirmed the demise of the inner city that I so fondly refer to as heaven, and also the little guy. The independently owned stores in midtown and about that will be affected by this so-called musicians planet. My system immediately flooded with guilt. "How could I do this?" I thought. "How could I even think of doing this?" Not only did I consider buying from mass music king supplier, I nearly did. Had it not been for the grossly long line, I would have, without hesitation.

God must have been on my side that night though. He saved me from commiting acts of sin. You see, the repercussions of purchasing from the big music chain that night goes far beyond simply buying something on sale. *MARS* was offering loads of free shit when you purchase, and that's how they trap you and crush "independent seller hero guy" at the same time. You buy one thing of theirs and get so much free crap you don't have to buy anything for months from your neighborhood store. This means that little hometown music hero store will not only be hurt initially by lost sales, but hurt for many months to come by the loss of future sales. I didn't think of this when I first heard about the *MARS* sale. My first reaction was the honeymoon reaction: lust, greed, instant gratification.

I was fortunate that night, however, with my guardian angel on my side. It must have been St. Cecilia or Gregory the Great, both patron Saints of music, or perhaps it was St. Joseph, the patron Saint of working men. Whoever it was, I am grateful for their guidance. I escaped the lure of the devil that night, but more often than not, the devil wins. Repeatedly crushing the hometown hero stores and then they become the only choice for you and me. I've seen it happen in my neighborhood and I am sure you have seen it in yours. Here in Kansas City, Barnes and *cher*-Noble moved in on the Plaza and the locally owned Whistler's Books that was in Westport (just five minutes away) for years gasped for air, restructuring it's ownership and managment only to finally be taken off the respirator and put to sleep. Most recently, Starbuck's coffee, king of "kill the little guy" has moved in right next door to a locally owned coffee shop. That is all part of Starbucks marketing scheme though. They find the successful local coffee shop in a good location with lots of potential traffic and then move in next door or down the street, willing to pay double or triple the previous tenants lease to assure solid position. Pretty soon-after, the little guy will die. He won't die because the coffee is better at Starbucks. He won't die because the biscotti is fresher or the barista is more helpful or knowledgable about the bean. He won't die because Starbucks is cheaper either, as far as coffee houses go, you are nickle and diming it if you are price shopping. He won't die because my neighbors drink coffee there (I think the locally owned neighbor, Broadway Cafe, is still doing relatively well). He will die because Starbucks has a larger advertising budget and is a nationally recognized chain. He will die because the family from Nebraska or Iowa or even our close neighbor's from Johnson County, Kansas will visit our quaint little Westport shopping area and they will opt for the name Starbucks rather than try out the local guy next door. That's how it always happens. It could very well be that the big chain devils have better pricing, but not always. It could be that the big chain carries more stock or has that hard to find item in stock, but not always. It could be that the big devil chain is in your neighborhood, but not always, and more than likely you have to travel to hell (suburbia) to get to the devil store. It's hard though to stick to your guns and purchase solely from the hometown guy, when you constantly have to tighten the purse straps, it's not only tempting, but down-right sensible to shop where the goods are cheapest, even if they are made in some sweat-shop in South America. Many of us are guilty of it, even hometown hero guy. He has to get the most out of his dollar too. Occasionally you will find the better, cheaper, faster, more convienent way to buy things from the devil, but not always.

Many of you will nod your heads with understanding when you read this. Some of you will not. Some of you may live in hell, but dress like you don't, and pretend that you don't. Some of you have parents or brothers or sisters that work for big bad devil daddy. Some of you work for big bad devil daddy, I

do. You need to keep yourself in check though. The next time you want to run to Target (I know Target rocks) or Walmart or Barnes and *cher*-Noble, Starbucks or Borders or Musicscamland, remember what can happen. There are no more neighborhood markets. There are no more corner candy shops. Small, intimate bookstores with really smart people who are nice, are rare. The pharmacist probably doesn't know your name, nor does he care to. And the area's with all the quaint, comforting small shops are slowly being eaten away. I too, am guilty of following the devil. But we can delay the process can't we? I could make a plea for mankind, but I won't. You don't need it. You've heard it many times before. You need to make this decision all on your own.

Anyway, I won't be venturing out to hell anytime soon, even during the day when it's not so obvious. Steer clear of hell in your town too. It'll be better for everybody.

Bastard Brainstorms

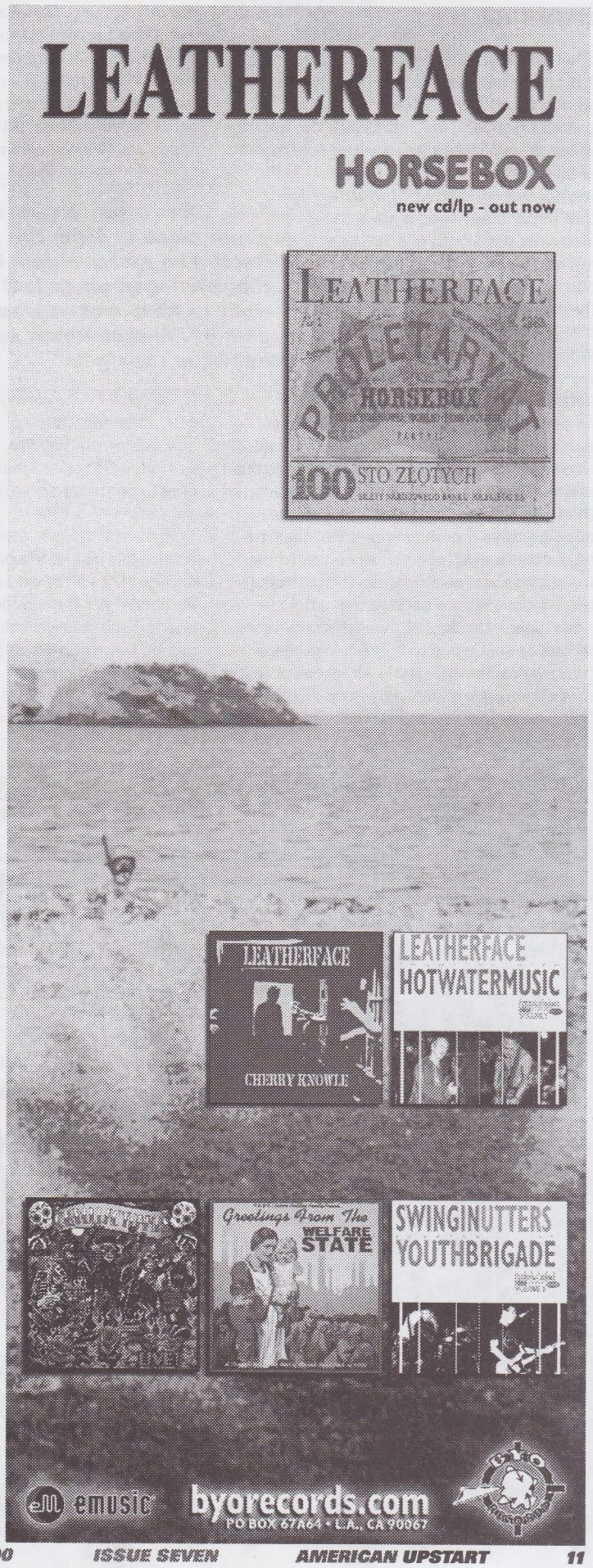
Chet Knight

In America there remains three fairly definite classes: lower, middle and upper, which was made even more obvious by the anti-working poor policies of the Reagan administration. During the 1980s the richer got richer and the poorer got poorer at a rate never before seen in this country. This was the decade I grew up in. I remember being bombarded with statements like "It's morning in America," while literally just outside my window there was a makeshift homeless encampment in the alley between my house and the vacant lot next door. There was a feeling in my family and neighborhood that we had just been forgotten. While we all worked longer hours for less pay and benefits, CEO's were entering the million dollar salary club at an alarming rate. Lee Iacocca, who headed Chrysler, was on T.V. announcing mass lay-offs, while he was making $4,000,000 a year. He was able to save his salary by destroying the lives of thousands of working class families. He wasn't alone in this.

In the 1970s Americans complete their abandonment of Urban areas, commonly called "White Flight". The reasons given for this were thinly veiled racist and elitist statements like "the schools are better, the neighborhoods are cleaner, and it gives us a chance to be with people more like ourselves." A very nice way to say "in the suburbs our children don't have to go to school with niggers and white trash." This began the humorous act of the daily commute. Upper class people from the suburbs would sit in traffic for hours just to escape the city each night and then drive the same distance back each morning. And while I've always taken great pleasure in laughing at these, the humor these idiots provide does not make up for all the traffic and smog that their vehicles assault my city with every day. Of course your neighborhoods are cleaner - you're never there! You spend all day ruining mine you scumbags.

So the division was set, with the blame squarely on the shoulders of the people who left their neighborhoods for the greener pastures of pre-fab houses and lily-white subdivisions. As a child, in my mind, it became an obvious "us and them" scenario. The "us" was the poor people, working class families, union members, latchkey kids, subway riders, the uninsured, burglar bar owners, minimum wage earners, and later the real punks and skinheads that I met in my neighborhood. The "them" were the hostile managers, two-car families, Republicans, "accidental" racists, private school kids, the rich, commuters, careless employers, scabs, lawyers, police, the cast of "Family Ties", and of course, the fake punks and skinheads I met from the suburbs who drove their parents cars to shows in my neighborhood. Despite efforts to hide these differences, the facts are still the same, and assholes like me won't soon let you forget this.

I know I can't say "I know what you feel like" to some of the



other classes. I know that I don't know what it is like to grow up with a car, a dishwasher, air conditioning, a television, a shower, garbage disposal, medical insurance, a mother not on public assistance, free-time instead of a job, a garage or even a driveway for that matter. And I'm sure that upper class people have no idea what it's like to live like I have my whole life. My point is that I don't hate people just because of their backgrounds, it's the attitude that always seems to accompany it. While I'm sure it's understood that we don't appreciate being treated unfairly and called "trash", I'm not so sure that it's understood that we also don't appreciate the bleeding-heart liberals who drive into our cities to save us from ourselves. There's almost nothing more pathetic than people who think they've found the answers to your problems and feel that it's their duty to enlighten you since you're the lower class and uneducated. This attitude usually comes from upper class students and hippies who start to feel that inevitable twinge of guilt when they suddenly realize that they're rich-little-shits. Although there's nothing wrong with feeling a little guilt about being a "them," there is something wrong with trying to become a "us". We don't want you or your help. Go away.

I don't know what length guidelines American upstart imposes, and I could go on forever about this, I'll wrap it up here with a few suggestions on how the urban working poor (meaning most of the punks and skinheads who live around me) can vent their frustrations at "thems," Of course, unlike the cowardly ways that they take advantage of us, these things are meant to be used in direct confrontation with "them" and/or their property.

"No, there's nothing wrong with being upper class or from the suburbs in and of itself. The real problem is when people in the privileged class feel that they have a right to have and express an opinion about a side of life they never see. They simply do not have the right."

#1- As "thems" feel they have a right to pollute our neighborhoods, always save trash in your car to litter exclusively in their neighborhoods. It's a good idea to have a trash bag to keep your car tidy anyway, and this can be thrown in a dumpster in your neighborhood, or emptied as you drive through theirs.

#2- Since "thems" are the main cause of traffic in our neighborhoods, do things to make their drive easier for "us" and more of a hassle for "thems." While in traffic only allow inexpensive vehicles (ie- poor persons car) and work vehicles to enter traffic. Actively speed up to block access to vehicles such as a Lexus or Mercedes Benz. Making eye contact is optional.

#3- Obviously "thems" are financially better off than "us" and since their financial success is generally gained at our expense try your hardest not to spend money in their neighborhoods. Get gas before you start driving out there. If you eat out do it before you leave or wait until you return. If you require some service where you have to look in the Yellow pages, it is very easy to eliminate companies that are not in your area. In large cities the urban area has a different area code than the suburbs. Also your city may be divided into quadrants, you should know the quadrant that you live in as it's part of your address (SE, SW, NW or NE).

#4- As all of us know when a "them" has a position of power they typically use it to abuse "us." There are countless things that can be done in revenge, but here's a tactic that I like a lot, and it also lessens your chance of being caught by their hired bodyguards: the police. On a rainy night, go to their house (you know, the one with the bathroom as big as your apartment) or the



job-site where they fired you from because they were in a bad mood one morning. Find the offending "thems" car. Using duct tape, cover each window thoroughly. Then take a hammer and crack the glass near the middle. This should make very little noise as the glass will stick to the tape instead of shattering. Then simply remove the glass and disguard. A couple of people can make this task very quick and enjoyable.

I've got a million more, but I want to make sure I have space left for a little music in my column (this is a music zine after all). As I leave just remember that there's nothing wrong with a little class war - they declared it on us long ago. Fight back!

Oi! Oi! Music for the Working Class

BRILLIANT RELEASES IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS: ANTI-HEROS "Underneath the Underground" CD, AUTHORITY "On Glory's Side" CD, BOILS "Worlds Poison" CD, HUDSON FALCONS "Desperation and Revolution" CD, TEMPLARS "Omne Datum Optimum" CD, and the MAIN STREET SAINTS "Everybody Wants To Go To Heaven..." CD but that's just because of the backing vocals (haha).

CRAP RELEASES IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS: CONDEMNED 84 "Blood On Yer Face" LP, and TOTAL CHAOS "In God We Kill" CD. Why do you people send me this stuff? What have I ever done to you?

INTERESTING NEWS IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS: New stuff from the TEMPLARS, PATRIOT, BLIND SOCIETY, the KRAYS, the VIGILANTES, TERMINUS CITY, the MURDER CITY WRECKS, and ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS due out soon. BLITZKRIEG rerelease coming soon as well. Tours from VICE SQUAD, IRON CROSS, AGNOSTIC FRONT, ANTI-HEROS, BLITZKRIEG, BLIND SOCIETY, FUNERAL DRESS, CASUALTIES, VARUKERS, A GLOBAL THREAT, and ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS are coming this summer. Helen of Oi! Records has been reborn in France. Teenage Warning zine is "on hold". Ex-ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS drummer, and the singer from OTOPHOBIA, almost had a knife fight with film director Oliver Stone outside of a seedy Atlanta strip club, known to be the hang out of many fallen oi/punk stars, including the MAIN STREET SAINTS. Members of A GLOBAL THREAT were seen kissing one another in an Atlanta bar that they're not even old enough to get into. Some bastard from ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS snuck the VIGILANTES into another Atlanta bar, where they drank for free and won door prizes for being genetic freaks. The ANTI-HEROS RV was shot up in Denver, causing the BUSINESS to leave ANTI-HEROS guitar player Mark MaGee at the club where it all happened. Luckily Mr. MaGee never eats and was able to hide behind a guitar case until help arrived. THE VIGILANTES quest to become the first band to use a "revolving instrument" system, have added another member, this time a drummer. Lionel, ex-drummer ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS, has moved back home to Dijon, France where he works in a mustard factory. He promises that you'll be able to taste the Oi! In every bottle. The Atlanta Crash N Burn store was broken into three time. The thief was finally apprehended and a sentence was handed down on the spot by two unnamed skinheads.

Bullshit news in the past few months: Get off the Internet Department - PATRIOT is breaking up. Terry from the BUSINESS was shot in Denver. Using the word "trad" to describe yourself is cool. THE TEMPLARS are overrated. The new ONE WAY SYSTEM Cd sucks. Pop-punk has a place in the scene. The guitarist for SUBMACHINE should always play with his shirt off. The singer of the BOOKED is actually Angry anderson of ROSE TATTOO, he's just lost his accent. They're lots of great ska bands out there, you just have to look for them. I'm "old" and an "ex-skin".

Cocaine Blues

by Tim Nord

You were going to get a long, drawn out history of the Minneapolis skinhead scene, its problems, and the friendships it wrecked for me. But after what seemed like



day of writing I realized that it was going to be too much of an effort for a column. Look for a full feature on it in the next issue.

Now prepare yourself for a true tale of sex, drugs and friendships. Interrupted by violence, bikers, ghosts and pissed off ex-girlfriends.

As a right of passage for many teens across America, I like many thought my parents would do much better if I were not around the house. So I took off to the streets. Luckily this didn't turn out to be one of those after school specials were I end up in the clutches of some fat pervert wanting to make a buck off my sweet young ass. O.K. I didn't so much take off to the streets as I just hid out at my girlfriend's house.

November is a cold ass month in Minnesota, so I spent much of my vacation away from parents trapped inside a small studio apartment in Loring Park. The apartment belonged to my girlfriend Tami. I met her one night while frying some LSD on my brain cells. She was your basic punk rock girl, cept she had a job (thank God for that). I would hang out all day at the apartment while she was at work, then she'd get home and we'd get fucked up then fuck. She had a roommate named Dave. Dave was a fuckin' freak, I thought he was gay for the longest time but he always had chicks on his side of the studio fawning over him. I think it was his play, he liked to wear makeup, not just eyeliner either, he would pale out his face and paint his nails.

So one night Dave is sitting around with a couple of girls. The girls are teasing him and chatting away. One of the girls has a tape recorder in her bag. She thinks it would be cute to tape their conversation with Dave. So while the other girl is chatting away and smoking a fat one, the other places the tape recorder behind her and hits record. So they go on and on, conducting a fake interview while getting high. Dave spots the recorder after awhile and the joke is over. Ha ha, lets hear what you did. They rewind the tape and there is nothing on it except, some wind noises. They start freaking out, cause if you listen carefully, the wind is talking. "Dave must die, I hate Dave, Dave must die, Dave out." I wasn't home for any of this, but when I walk in I am almost attacked by the girls and Dave. I listened to the tape with them and being un-stoned I still freaked. I decided to get drunk and pass out cause that was going to be about the only way I was going to sleep that night. But then again the ghost didn't want me. It wanted Dave.

A day or two goes by, Dave and I have been stuck in the apartment all day. We decide that we needed to get fucked up, but we don't have any cash "There's always the rent pot" says Dave. The rent pot is what we use to collect the month's rent, a few bucks here a few bucks there. So we took twenty out of the pot and left a little note inside signed by both of us. We headed towards Uptown, we could score some booze or acid, of course the acid would last longer, and we were on a budget. As we were walking Dave started telling me that I should not do acid tonight, he had a feeling or a vison or something that tonight I would find out who my true friends were and may be a bad idea for me to be out of my head for that. We get Uptown and head straight for Starz. Starz was the local head shop, a place for all the trendy suburban kids to come and buy skull rings and Graffix bongs. We knew the staff there and also knew who to get the drugs from. After waiting around for about an hour the group waiting grew from two to eight. Little Stevie and Nico dropped in and had two punk rock girls in tow. Rox eventually popped his face in too. Then our favorite metalhead showed up, Mikes always got the goods, we finally scored. We dropped and were ready to fuck the night up.

A half hour goes by and we still were hanging around Starz when a curious character dropped in to get some screen. He was an older guy, stocky and balding dressed in jeans and a tan winter coat. He reminded me of Jim Ignatowski from the 70's hit show Taxi (he was the burnout), the stranger will be called Jim from here on out. We were hootin' and hollerin', and he was grinning along with us or at us depending on what perspective you take. What's up with this old fuck, he must be a pervert or some shit trying to hang around a bunch a kids. The group confronted him, asking him what the fuck he wanted.

"I just want to party", said Jim, "and you guys look like you know how to party."

Hell yeah we knew how to party, and we didn't want to disappoint this obvious party veteran. So Jim comes up with great idea that we head over to his apartment and smoke some dope. We get a little suspicious of the guy again, he's staring at our little punk girls with an odd sort of glimmer in his eyes. We figure there are six of us guys here and if we need to take his ass out we can. So we agree to go over to Jim's place.

Heading East down Lake St., we ask Jim where he lives and he said over on Calhoun.

"Hey Jim," says Nico, "Calhoun is the opposite direction, where the fuck are we going?"

"We need to make a little stop first," says Jim, "get some more beer."

"We just passed the fuckin' Liquor store," replies Mike.

A bit of paranoia creeps in, on top of that the LSD is starting to buzz in my head.

Jim starts in, "We're gonna stop at the Yukon Club, have a drink..."

The Yukon Club is one of those bars that your dad would warn you about if you ever happened to drive by it. The type of place that punk rockers are gonna get their asses kicked in.

"What are you talking about, we can't get into the Yukon Club," I finally say.

"Don't worry about it," says Jim. "I'm buying, everything will be cool."

To this day I still don't know why we kept following him, after he said everything would be cool we just went back to tripping, we didn't want to fuck it up with a bad high. I start flirting with one of the punk rock honeys. She was a little cutie with blue charged hair. We walk up to the club and head for the front door, Jim routes us around to the back door. We group up and Jim has this plan for us to burst in through the back door and scream PARTY!!!!! We're looking at each other like this bastard is fucking crazy. So Dave is the first one up to the back door, Stevie, Nico and I are standing toward the back of our small crowd.

Jim counts down 1, 2, 3, PARTY!!! He swings the door open and herds a couple people in.

Stevie, Nico and I are staring at each other, still outside in the cold.

"Should we go in?" I ask

"I don't know" says Nico.

"Let's go check how things are going," I said.

We entered slowly through the back and saw Jim bellied up to the bar buying a bunch of 40oz.'s. Our punk rock girls were standing close to each other away from everyone else in the room, and Mike was blending in just fine by himself at the bar. Dave on the other hand was about to get his ass kicked by a large drunk Indian woman. The woman didn't like the fact that Dave was wearing makeup, her husband would have kicked his ass, but figured Dave was some kind of fag, so his woman needed to kick his ass. I walk in just as Dave is explaining to her how the ancient Egyptians wore makeup and that they weren't gay. I interrupted their conversation and assured the lady that Dave was not gay but that he did have certain problems. I told Dave to leave the bar because I was not about to get my ass kick by this ladies husband for him.

I walked up to Jim and told him we were leaving.

"But we just got here," Jim says in a disappointed voice.

"I don't fucking care, we are about to throw down with bar," I said.

The haggard looking patrons of the Yukon were getting a little fed up with the freaks that had inhabited their space.

"We're leaving Jim." I grabbed the two girls and pointed them to the doors. Jim grabbed his armful of 40s, and trudged after us. We made it back outside to the bitter wind. We stood around Jim as he passed out bottles of beer. It was almost too cold to think about drinking outside, almost.

"You knew we were gonna get fucked

with in there," I said to Jim.

"I thought it'd be cool, see we all got beers," says Jim in a moronic stammer, "next stop, my place."

He waves the caravan on, and the crew moves forward. Steve, Nico, Rox and I hang back again. Our previous thoughts of having to take the guy out in some sort of defense had turned into jumping him for his cash. If the guy had enough cash to buy us all a round of 40's he must have some more, so lets fucking roll his ass and leave him under one of the bridges. We catch back up to the group, Jim looks back at us and then grabs my shoulder.

"So what are you guys about," Jim asks, "what's with the hair and jackets?"

"I'm a pro-American skinhead." I replied, "These other guys... I don't know"

"Pro-American?" Jim interrupts, "You don't know shit about pro-American, I fought in fucking Vietnam... Pro-American."

I halted dead in my tracks and let the crew ahead of me, Stevie and Nico we're still trailing and I paced myself with them.

"I'm not jumping him," I say.

"Why not?" asked Nico

"He's a Vietnam vet and I ain't doing it, he'll fuckin' kill us."

After some thought they agreed, I grabbed my little punk rock girl and pulled her in close for the remainder of the walk.

It was about another 20 minutes of walking until we got to his apartment. And the LSD was in full effect, I was freezing my ass off, and trying to figure out how me and my new girlie could ditch the rest of the folks for someplace warm. We entered his building and any normal train of thought I kept had disappeared. Now this could be the LSD, but I felt like I was entering a mental institution, all the windows were boarded up. The boards had a red and gold paisley patterned wall-paper on them. Jim must have lived on the top floor, cause we just kept circling the stairs over and over. Finally we get to Jim's room, and it was just that, a room. One bed, crammed up against the wall taking up most of the room. A small desk with a TV on it. Jim also had drying clothes hanging from all four corners of his room. The toilet was out in the hallway, Nico was already in there tagging it up with graffiti. I noticed something about Jim, he was drunk up until we got into his apartment and then he seemed to turn dead sober. No laughing, no smart ass remarks, nothing. He sat down and started packing bowls. We all piled onto his bed, my little punk girl was looking good and she knew I was onto her. Soon the bowl was making its rounds. And for every person it got passed to I made sure it made it back to me before going onto another. And with each toke I could have cared less if we fucked in front of the whole room.

Then Nico speaks up. "Hey Tim you got that feeling?"

Now mind you I am stoned out of my fucking mind, I turn to him with a half-cocked smile and reply "what... that feeling of warmth and friendship."

"No you moron," Nico yells," Do you have that rush going up your spine, do you feel it?"

"Yeah, I got it."

"Do you have that funny taste in your mouth," he asked in startled state.

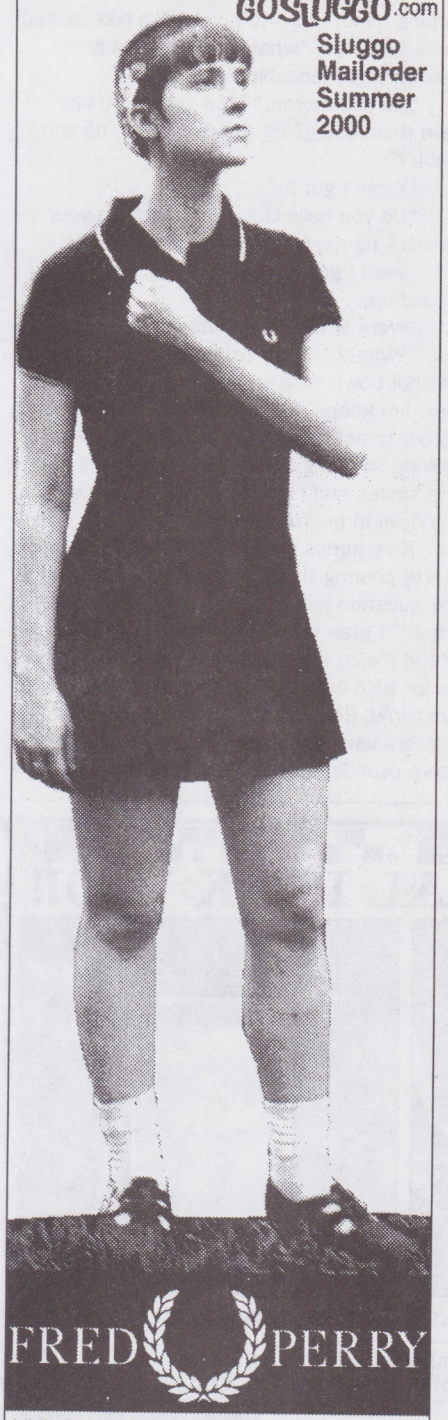
"Yeah I got it," I say, now getting a bit wound up.

"Were smoking fucking cocaine!"

"What!?!" I turn to Jim who is packing another bowl. "Are we smoking coke?" I ask him. Jim keeps packing his bowl and doesn't bother to acknowledge my question. "Are we fucking smoking coke" I yell. Jim looks up and smiles and I swear to you folks; I saw the devil in his face.

Nico jumps up and grabs two 40's and starts pouring them on the floor while asking the question himself, "Jim did you lace the dope?" I grab the two girls and pull them out of the room. Jim slowly stands up and reaches for Nico who is jumping on the bed. As Jim turns, Rox grabs a electric guitar that was standing in the corner and brings it down over Jim's head. Jim falls to his bed,



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Thanks!

and the rest of us are heading down the stairs in a panic. It seemed to take forever to get out of the building and the though had crossed my mind for a split second to try and jump through one of the covered windows. We get back outside to the cold, fumbling to put our jackets back on. As we get to the corner of the block, the girl I had been hitting on dropped to the ground. What the fuck, I look down at her and she is clutching her heart, she's not passed out but she looks scared to death. I ask her what is wrong and she tell me she has a bad heart. I can't believe this, I pick her up into my arms and hurry after the rest of the crowd.

We had gotten about 3 blocks away before we finally stopped running. We looked around and caught our bearings, then we started laughing our asses off. Even heart attack girl was feeling better, between the excitement and the drugs her body just freaked out.

"Why are we running, that guy was out cold" says Rox.

Then we saw Jim walking from across the street, we all fell silent until he passed out of sight.

Fuck we were scared. Don't do drugs kids.

It's was about midnight, and we decided to head over to Embers. Embers was the late night hang out for all the city's freaks, geeks and gays. We got to the doors and as always when it's late there was a large crowd gathered. A couple more of our friends were and we started telling them the story. Just as we are getting to the good part my girlfriend Tami grabs my arm and pulls me out of the group. I look around to see where the punk chic was and to make sure she knew to stay away. Tami starts freaking out about Dave and the rent pot. She tells me that Dave took twenty dollars and had the nerve to sign my name to the note. "That bastard" I say. I looked around and saw a bunch of Dave's ex-girlfriends milling about. Holy shit, their gonna jump him.

Dave walks out of Embers not knowing a thing and Tami runs up on him and smacks him in the face. Dave steps back in shock, then a group of 5 more girls move in on him. I couldn't believe it, girls who had been at the apartment, that I thought Dave was cool with. I found out Dave was trying to play as many girls at time as he could. Girls that Dave used to pay the rent surrounded him and start taking pop shots, cursing his name. Dave was balling, he tried to make a mad dash for the front door and a friend of ours named Tony clocked him full force in the jaw, that's when I noticed the flashing lights, some girl was taking pictures of the beating. That's when Dave started calling out my name for help, TIM!!! TIM!!! he screamed. Though the tears he kept calling me for help, he eventually stopped and started sobbing for his mother. I turned away, walking out of the crowd of onlookers and made my way to the street. An evil smirk dawned my face, but at the same time I couldn't help but to feel bad for him. All I could think about is what Dave said I would learn that night. That I would learn who my friends were. Dave ultimately pissed his pants while getting a boot party by the group of girls.

A group of us headed back to our apartment, Tami was staying close to me but the girl I had been mackin on all night was right behind us. We go inside the apartment and start rooting through Dave's shit, throwing his crap out the windows, leaving a trail of his underwear and socks from the lobby to our door.

The cops show up shortly after, we ran out the back door. I realized a little too late that I didn't have any shoes on and I couldn't keep up with the group. I hit a patch of ice and slid down the street to the foot of the hill. I ran into an apartment entry way. Crouching down back in the corner I watched as the cop car slowly rode by, lights filling the room with shades of red and blue. All I could hear was the pounding of my heart and my heavy breathing, I did not want to go to jail while tripping. After a minute or so, I looked out the door and saw the cop car was out of sight. I went back to the apartment for fear of losing some toes. A couple of people had hung back, they didn't do anything wrong so why run. The rest of the group showed back up about an hour later, they had run for blocks and then hid out at a friends house. I was a bit nervous cause Tami was with the punk chick that whole time, I figured my cover may have been blown.

The night ends and the floor of our apartment is scattered with skins and punks all fighting for the most comfortable spot. Everyone was giggling and fucking around. I fell in and out of sleep for awhile, no recollection of what time it was. Then I saw something, a glowing white streak flew out of the closet, it circled the room slowly then shot out of sight. Was the LSD still churning in my head? I sat in silence, staring at the ceiling when I heard, "did you see that?" "what the fuck was that." I guess the ghost left now that Dave was gone. No one spoke for some time after that. Eventually I drifted off into a restless sleep.

Prologue: Dave was spotted later that night sitting at a large table of concerned gay men. Dave was telling his new friends how he was going to get us back, but that he needed a place to stay that night. Bye Dave.

Look I got space left over.

I got a lot of killer reading material this time around, but my showcase is Blast (POB 531 Jax, FL 32201) a killer zine out of Florida. Hey keep up the "Punk Chick Babe of the Month" and you'll have a winner.

Till next time.

CRASH AND BURN



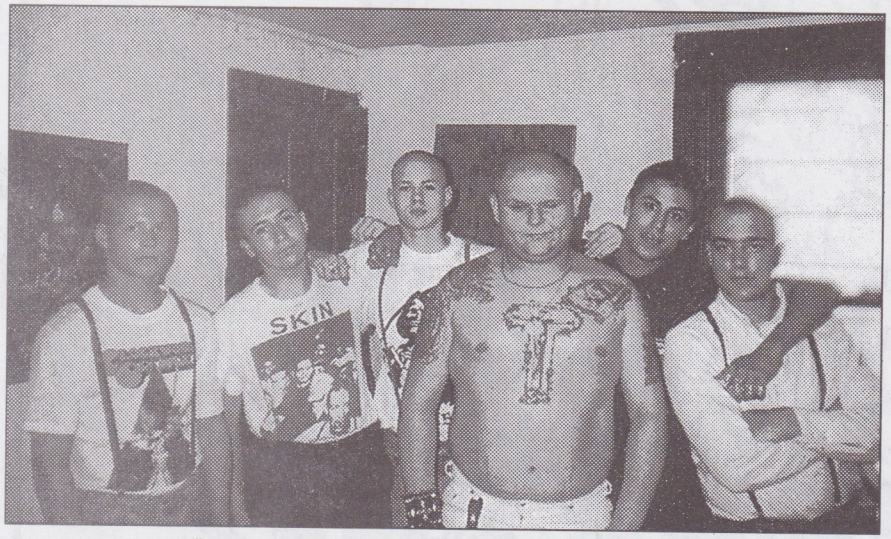
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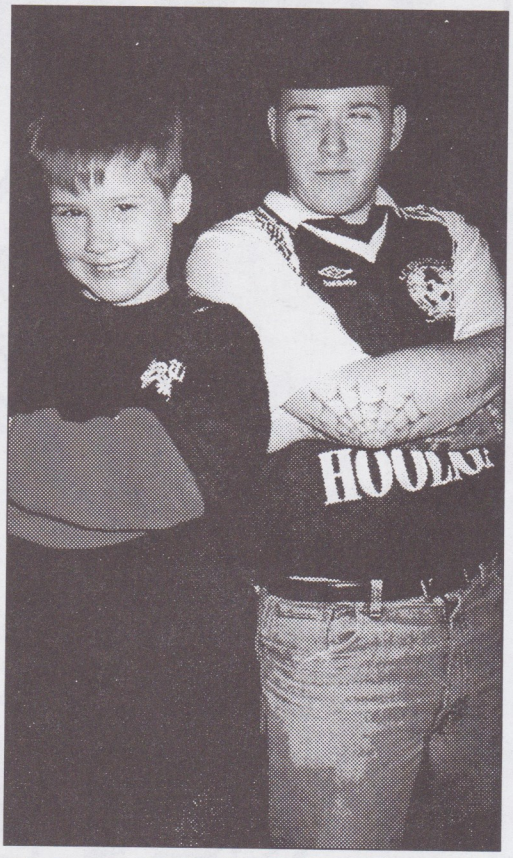
rogue gallery

You asked for it and you got it. Welcome to American Upstart's first shot at a photo section, named properly enough: Rogue Gallery. If you'd like your or your crews mugs splattered across the pages of American Upstart all you have to do is send `em in. Include names and location, if you'd like your photo back please include a S.A.S.E and you'll have it back on your wall in no time.

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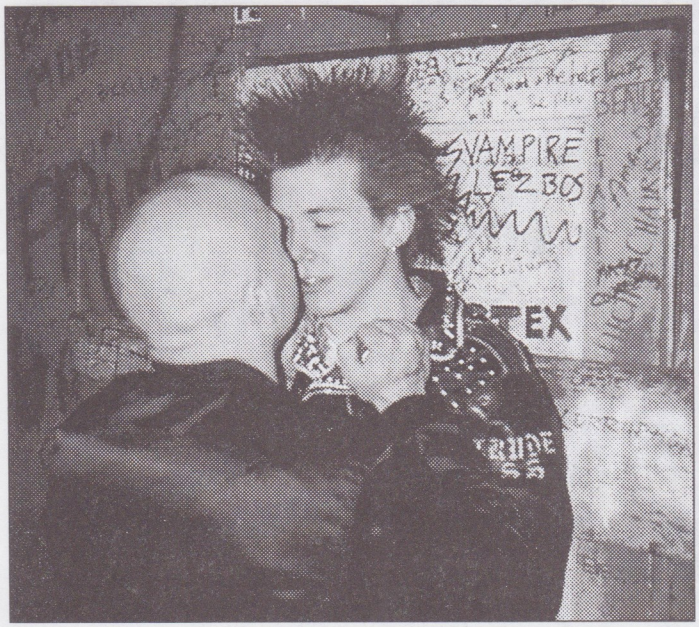
A crew of Winnepeg skinheads. (1987)



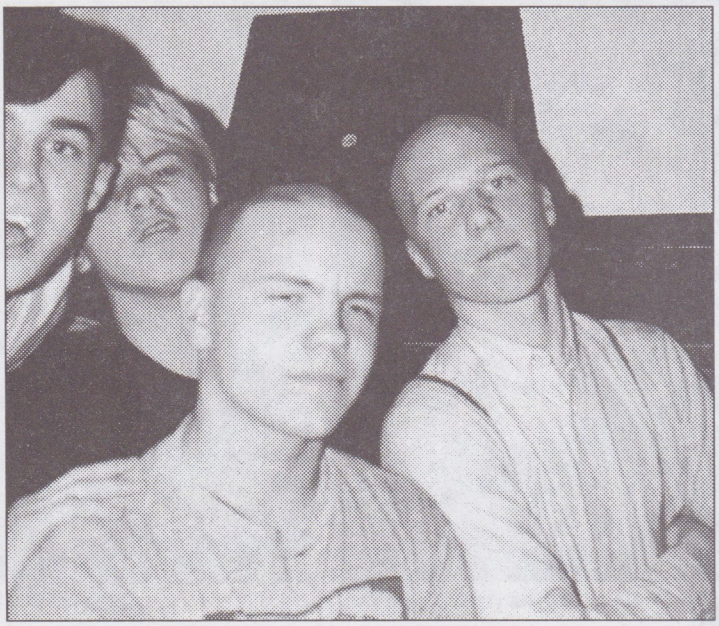
Bruiser and Saint Timothy. (1998)



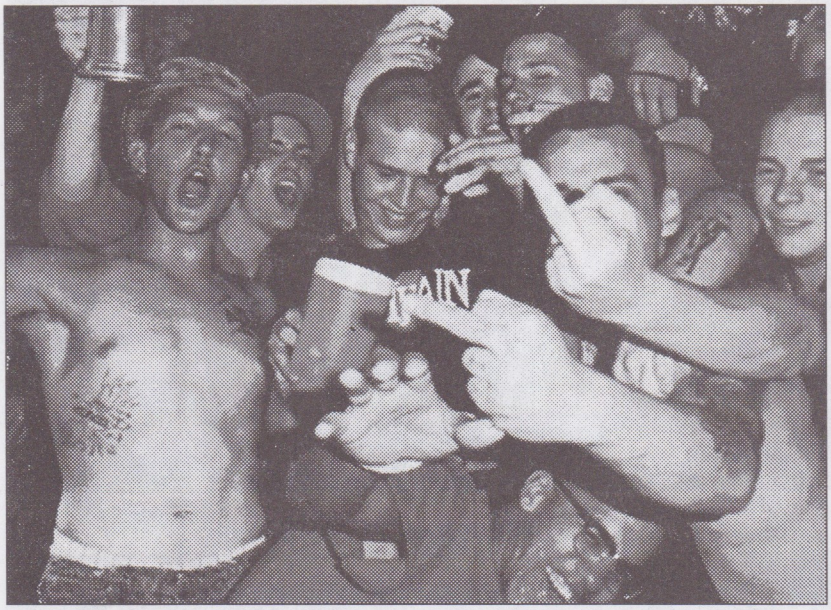
Unity, even in the toilet. The Grand Emporium, Kansas City, MO. (1998)



In the basement of the 7th St. Enrty Minneapolis MN. A little skin and punk horse play (1985)



Old school mother fucker. Inside First Avenue, Minneapolis, MN (1985)



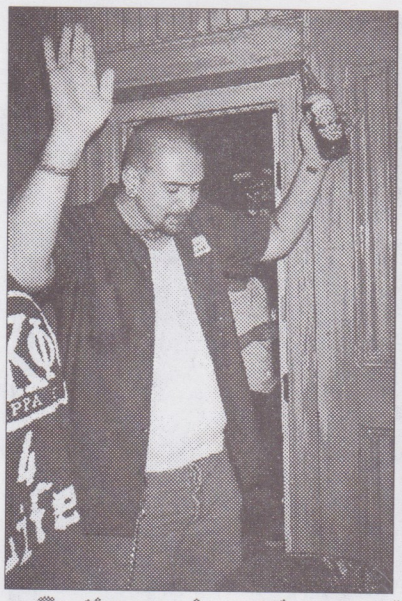
Drunk in the hills of Arkansas. (1990)

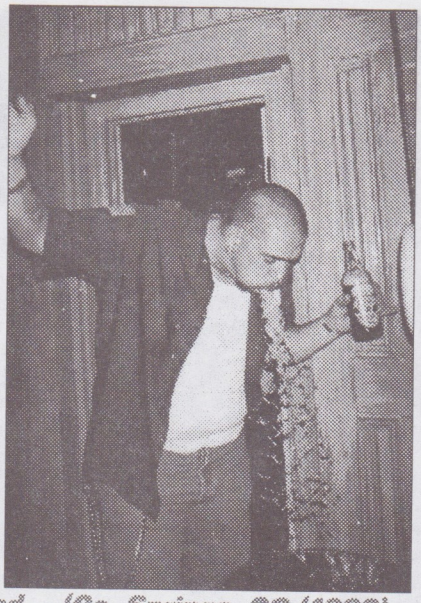


Felony and Dutch, American Pitbull Terriers. (1991)



Christy enjoying the free bar during the last day of business for the Point in Atlanta, GA. (1999)





So the guy is getting married ... (Co, Springs, CO (1999)



Mike S. out of commission at Streetpunk `99. KCMO (1999)



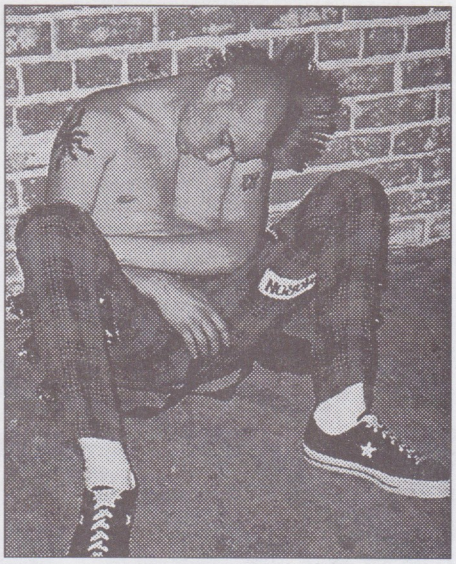
Having a brew in Mesa, AZ. at the Showdown in the SouthWest. (1999)



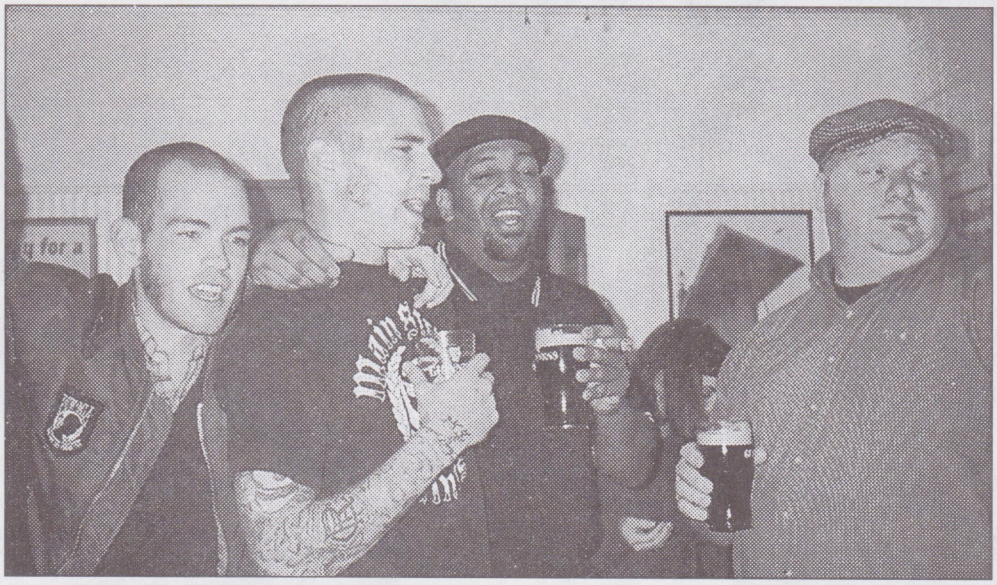
One of these kids is doing his own thing, one of these kids just isn't the same. Mesa, AZ. (1999)



Streetpunk '99 pre-party, Patriot and the Saint. KCMO. (1999)



One too many, Joe the Punk
Mesa, AZ (1999)



Bring on the women for the skinhead bachelor party. KCMO (1999)



Beer Olympics 1999. Atlanta, GA



Syko Jay of Kelly's Heroes. Mpls, MN (1988)

TE



The Templars are without a doubt one of America's best known oi bands. Putting music togather for over 7 years, they have stamped their mark on the history of oi forever. The Templars are : Phil-P, Carl-C and Perry PR

AUS: For those historically ignorant, please explain who the "Templars" were.

P: Killers for Christ, a secret society of poor ass knights fighting for Christ, protecting the roads to Jerusalem, hired by the church. They started with seven dudes led by Hugh dePayens, a nobleman from France. These guys fought to the death, took a oath of poverty and tore shit up in Jerusalem and Acre. Then people were so much on the jock and shit cause these guys were no joke that tons of people started joining and shit. They pretty much ran over Europe in terms of military might. Back then the kings always had beef with the church, so guys would go to the Templars to be mediators. They are the ones responsible for modern day banking, the checking system all that. They pretty much ran shit all over Europe. Bought property all over Europe, set up castles and kingdoms.

Then King Philip of France a.k.a. "Philip the Fair" and Clement the 5th, his puppet pope set up fuckin''' false charges cause the fucker was jealous, a player hater. Accused them of being devil worshipers

TEMPLARS

along with being faggots which is all false.

AUS: So what is the history of the band the Templars.

P: Me and Carl started this shit in like 1990-91 whatever, cause he lived right down the block and he was the only guy in a 1 mile radius who listed to oi. So we used jam out on his brothers drum set and this beat up 4 track that he used to share with this other dude. We started rockin' out playing covers mostly, then we started coming up with some originals. In 1992 we hired this guy named Don to play bass. We started playing shows because our friend needed another band to fill in support slots cause he promoted shows on Strong (Long) Island. After that we said fuck it, we spent some much time playing around and practicing and recording and making it real, so we just did it, we played a show in 92 and ever since then we've been going strong, that's why we got so many songs, we've been doing shit for such a long time.

AUS: You guys are sprawled out across the U.S. (At the time of the interview Carl lived in Seattle, Perry lived in Chicago and Phil lives in New York, now Carl is off running the hills of Finland) How do you guys A: Stay as tight as you do playing live? B: How do write songs and come up with new material.

P: We all exchange tapes and shit, Perry comes up with some shit and then sends it to Carl, Carl fucks' around with the drum machine. We have our portable 8 track recorder a.k.a "Acre Studios", we fuck around with that shit. Then with drums that ain't no problem for me cause I've been playing drums since I was 11.

AUS: So Acre Studios is an 8 track?

PR: It's an 8 track in Carl's garage

AUS: So when bands want to record with the Templars at Acre Studios.

P: We just bring Acre Studios over to the crib and do it there.

Now before a show we figure out what songs we are going to do then practice on our own. Then we get a practice right before the gig to make sure everything is tight.

PR: Tonight's show was one of the tighter we've played in awhile that shit sounded good.

P: Back in March we played in France with *Gundog*, *Stomper 98* and another *le Teckels*, we played with them and we didn't even have time to practice cause one of the guys in the other bands forgot to bring equipment or some shit, he was driving all the way from Paris. So we just went in there and practiced one song just to get the sound down and we just fuckin' played it. Mother fuckers were having a good time and shit, French people, croissants, shit flying everywhere, it was good.

AUS: We obviously know that you are not a White Power band...

P: Fuck No!

AUS: How the hell did you get that stigma?

P: Why? Every motherfucker in this world who is a skinhead knows what the fuck early *Skrewdriver* is. We just had the balls to play the shit live. But all these motherfuckers knew the lyrics...

C: Shouting for us to play it.

PR: Then they go home and talk shit to all their friends " Oh the Templars played a *Skrewdriver* song they must be Nazis".

P: Yeah, black Nazis, all I got to say to that is Black with a Bang, alright, suck a fat black dick, they are just pussies and shit.

PR: The *Skrewdriver* thing got blew way out of proportion. *Skrewdriver* is just one of many influences, we just happen to be influenced by some of the same bands that fueled *Skrewdriver*.

P: *Skrewdriver* was on the same record as *Motorhead*, does that make *Motorhead* a Nazi band? Look at *Little Bob Story* we listen to a lot of that shit *The Count Bishops*, *The Rings*, *Hammersmith Gorillas*, *The Stranglers*... what the fuck, everyone's just like: *Skrewdriver*!

C: Where does *Skrewdriver* get their sound from?

P: Yeah, they get their sound from them.

C: Listen to the *Who*...

P: *Skrewdriver* used to be called fucking *Tumbling Dice*, it's an old *Rolling Stones* song. Everyone out there who doesn't know they are talking about need to suck a dick and keep their fucking mouth shut.

PR: You guys need to go back to Oi School.

P: Oi School 101!

AUS: Who's responsible for the lyrics?

C: Usually I write the music and lyrics, but lately since Perry has joined the band he has been writing a lot of the lyrics.

P: Our old bass player was a fuckin' slacker and didn't do shit but take drugs and listen to hardcore shit.

C: Perry has been writing a lot of the newer stuff...lyrically it has been Perry's. He's been sending me bass lines too, I'll get the tape of the bass lines then I come up with the music around those.

P: The songs about the Templars though, those are my masterpieces.

AUS: Of all the Templar recordings I have I can only think of 2 or 3 songs that the phrase Oi Oi Oi is sung. Do you think that is why so many people like cause you have stepped away from what everyone is doing and you are playing something different?

PR: I think so, cause the current oi scene is so incestuous, everybody is influenced by the same stuff. Whereas with us we all love the old oi and punk stuff we also like a lot of old roots music too.

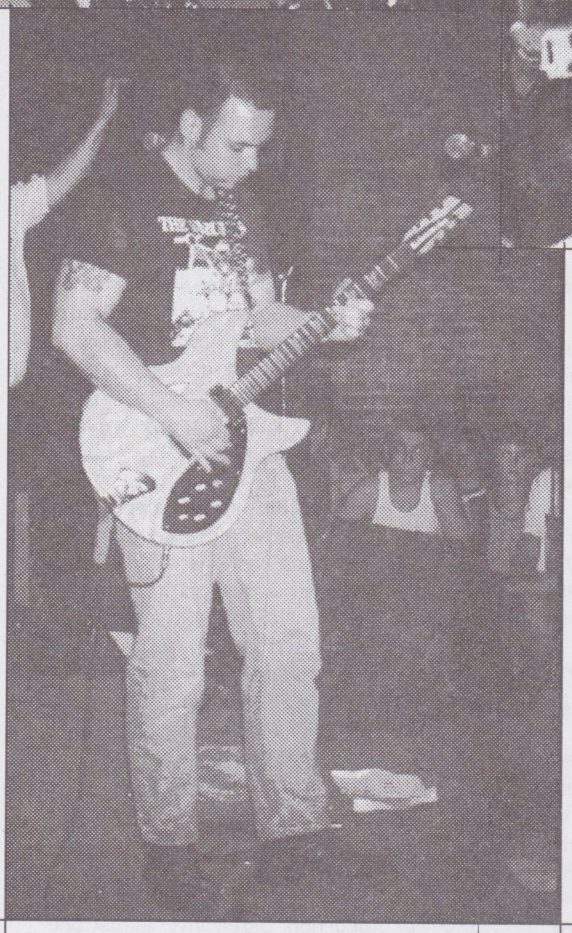
P: If you are a musician you should be open minded enough to listen to whatever to get influences.

C: How many songs can you write about having a shaved head and boots....

P: I wake up in the morning and eat my







skinhead cheerios, go out side, I do my skinhead job and beat up my mailman and everyone and then my wife....come on now. You don't live like that, you'd be arrested so quick you'd be on super lock down.

PR: That like all those rap guys going on about murdering people.

P: Meanwhile the motherfuckers won't even pull a spitgun on motherfuckers. Fucking shit talkers, we sing about life the real shit. All those player haters out there who cant understand that shit, they are living in a fantasy world.

AUS: You rarely play live shows, you have no home base....

C: Considering we all live in separate parts of the country I think we have been doing pretty good as far as getting shows.

PR: the last year and a half we have been playing quite a bit. We've been playing all over the place too not just the East coast.

C: It's good to get out of New York, if you play there too many times people will be like "Ah I've seen the Templars a 100 times man." we've been playing in different places so other people can see us.

AUS: I play in a "Midwest" oi band and this interview is of course for a Midwest oi zine ...Now I was reading a zine and inside that zine was a Templars interview with Phil here and Phil says "We will never play the Midwest" I think the quote was "Why would we wanna play for 10 skinheads and a bunch of rednecks." Now, things are little different, we aren't fucking cows out there. Past those prarie lands lies a city.

C: What the fuck, we live on the East coast, the only thing we know about the Midwest is tornados

P: Shit is always going on out there this is what it is in the midwest: Aryan Nation faggots fucking eachother, Tornados, Children of the Corn and Small town sheriffs.

AUS : Maybe the last one, I don't stop in small towns.

P: See you live there and you won't stop in small towns.

PR: I live there (the midwest), and compared to the coasts.. I don't know. I'm not one who can really comment on the Midwest scene cause I'm so busy with work and school that I haven't had time to keep up with it.

AUS: But that will change, you guys will come to the Midwest someday.

PR: If we had a good offer.

P: We aren't gonna drive out there you know.

C: No more driving anywhere!

P: Fuck no, we drove to Atlanta once.

PR: 18 hours.

P: Don't even let me start about the bad directions. If it is more than 6 to 8 hours we aren't driving, it just ain't worth it. We make people buy our plane tickets cause it gives them the incentive to promote the show better, get other good support bands to play also. Then everyone and their fucking grandpa will come out the show. We don't go into our own pocket, we make all our money off of merchandise, the people who invested their money they make their fucking money back and everyone is happy. People are getting fucked, people are drinking, things are all fucking good. But when you get a guys who is like "come down" you drive 20 hours and there are 10 mother fuckers in straw hats jumping around... who's going to be happy after that.

PR: I've seen that happen to too many bands, gone on tours that are really fucked up.

AUS: You could end up playing to 20 people on the East coast....

C: But if we are an hour away from home we can say fuck this shit and go home.

P: We play our shows in New York for free, we make our money off of merchandise. If it is easier for the promoter to set up a good show without paying us we'll play for free. New York, New Jersey that is an hour away from us we'll play for free, it's like we're just hanging out, we just happen to get on stage and play some tunes who gives a fuck. Most of them are our friends anyway.

AUS: You stepped away from Acre Studios to record your CD/LP for GMM, are you happy with the results of the recording? You won a lot of people over with the bigger sound. But I heard also that you guys prefer the 8 track sound over the large studio production.

P2: That's right. We like that 70's punk sound.

C: The recording was good but it has taken me awhile to get used to it. It is too clean for me and I'm not sure if that is what I wanted it to sound like.

P: Our die-hard fans wanted to know why we didn't record that at Acre Studios, they are used to our fuckin sound.

PR: Ya can't please everybody.

C: One person complaining: you got to go to a real studio cause your too raw and you need a cleaner sound. Then we go to the studio and we have everybody complaining: why did you go in the studio why not at Acre.

P: In a way it is a good thing cause it lets all the disbelivers know that we can sound like everyother "streetrock" "streetpunk" band that is out there. If we want to sound good we can sound good. We choose a certain sound cause we grew up listening to a certain sound, we are emulating that sound. Anybody can sound good in the fucking studio, it is called special effects. Ya add extra guitar tracks, this and that anyone can do that. I'm glad with the new recordings, we'll probably do our full lengths there. But gaurantted, other new releases, split 7"s, they are back at Acre Studios. We are never giving up Acre Studios cause that is our base.

C: With any recording it is hit or miss, you can record some hot shit one minute and the next it's "whats up with this shit? That can happen in the studio and it can happen on the 8 track in the garage.

PR: A lot of the stuff done in Acre Studios I think sounds really good, 1118-1312 sounds really good.

AUS: Two part question: track 4 on the CD – what movie is that from...

P: *Return of the Blind Dead* from Mr. (R.I.P.) Armondo DeOssorio. He was a Spanish film maker. Cult classic, he made four Templar flicks: *Return of the Blind Dead, Tombs of the Blind Dead, Night of the Seagulls* and *Deathship*. All movies about the Templars and shit, coming back from the dead fuckin up non-believers. The Templars were not to be messed with in Mid-evil times, you fucked with a Templar and you were dead, everyone of them faught to the death, faught overwelling odds. There should of been a damn *Roots* movie about the Templars, a damn mini-series or something cause those mother fuckers were running shit in the Middle East and Europe for a long time. It took two player hatin' bitches to try and fuck em' up.

AUS: So where do the titles of the records come from?

P: 1118-1312 was the riegn of the Templars: 1118 founded by Hugh dePayens, 1312 Jacques deMolay, 1314 Jacques deMolay was burned at the stake cause of those trumped up charges. Oimne was the rule book of the Templars. Before you swore in to join the order you had to read that rule book and know it like the back of your hand, it was the code and ethics that the Templars lived by.

AUS: If there is one thing you want an audiance to walk away with from a Templars show, what it is it?

P: To have a good time, you only have one life to lose so why fuck it up with non-sense bullshit. Earlier today there was a Nazi walking around and no one wants to say shit to this guy. But these guys would rather fight with eachother over some stupid teritorial shit... what the fuck is that. Fighting eachother just helps the Nazis take over, we fuck eachother up and these dudes just roll in and take over. Also we are just playing music cause we like to play music. We are not trying to be rock stars, you guys out here talking shit saying we are over-rated well they can suck a dick cause they player hatin mother fuckers. We don't go up there with glitter and lapel shit, rubbin our dicks in bitches faces..

C: We do rub our dicks in bitches faces

P: Well that is another story, maybe Kansas City will hook that up.

AUS: Is there anything you'd like to add.

P: If you are in a band, don't just listen to oi. You are a musician, be open minded cause believe me there is more out there. It will help your band survive and keep you from becoming the stale, trite run of the mill garbage that gets filed away in the $1.99 bin.



Old Punks Never Die!

By Johan Van Mieghem

Whenever you ask any of today's top 'Street Rock' bands to cite their influences you can bet that, alongside the likes of *Sham 69, The Lurkers* and *Cock Sparrer* will be the name of *Slaughter & The Dogs*. *Slaughter & The Dogs* were originally formed in early '76 in Wythenshawe/Manchester by schoolfriends Mick Rossi (guitar) and Wayne Barratt (vocals), the name stemming from two of their biggest influences - Mick Ronson's "Slaughter On 10th Avenue" and Bowie's "Diamond Dogs." With bassist Howard 'Zip' Bates and drummer Brian 'Mad Muffer' Grantham they gigged in and around their local area before getting their first break - a support slot to the *Sex Pistols* at the Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall on July 20th 1976. They led the charge of the Manchester New Wave Brigade (including *The Buzzcocks, The Drones, The Fall*, etc...) and their first London gigs came courtesy of support slots to both The *Pistols* and The *Damned* in late '76 whilst gigs at the legendary Roxy Club were recorded for a compilation LP "Live At The Roxy" for which they contributed the cuts "Runaway" and "Boston Babies" which more than made their mark on the worldwide punk movement.

The band had two goals when they started as Wayne Barratt explains: "First, we had one that no other punk band said at the time, we wanted to be stars! The other bands were like "No Future" and we were, hey we can be punk rock stars which wasn't hip to say at the time. We wanted to be like *Bowie*, like *Kiss* and today, the guy who tells me, eye to eye, that he doesn't want to be a star, he's a liar. All the artists are narcissistic, they're all here to show their asses. The other thing, *Slaughter* wasn't a garage band, we were a street band, a real one. We were all old convicted with criminal cases, so we wanted to show the kids that, with a little work, you could get out of trouble.

We were proud to put our city on the map, along with the *Buzzcocks*, *Warsaw* and some other bands. We gave our contributions to the Manchester scene and I'm proud of that". *Slaughter & The Dogs* never had a good relationship with the press as they weren't from London. Wayne Barrat continues: "We were from Manchester and they were very chauvinistic. That's why we decided to move to London and get into this bullshit media/promo thing which I wasn't into at all. Everything the press ever said about punk was totally fake. The press only needed good stories to sell. I remember Sid Vicious at the Roxy, journalists would buy him drinks and have him start a fight so the photographs would go "Clic clac, thank you Kodak" and then had their story. But it wasn't reality at all. The audience was hot, but not violent. There's more violence at shows today, I think. Of course there should have been a fight here and there, but nothing really bad".

Prior to the release of "Live At The Roxy" *Slaughter* signed to the Manchester based Rabid Records who were impressed by the furious rock'n'roll style of guitarist Mick Rossi and the manic rantings of Wayne Barratt and, on May 16th 1977, released their debut 45 "Cranked Up Really High/The Bitch," the music press dubbing them "Manchester's masters of talcum powder Punk" due to Barratt's liberal use of talc at every gig! As Wayne Barratt recalls "By then we were still into the Roxy Music/Bowie thing and didn't have a clue about what punk was! While we were recording our 7", our producer Martin Hannet said, this is punk rock! We didn't know what this meant, we were just some kids who couldn't play their instruments, it wasn't our goal to be punk. I guess we just bought the concept because we were so young. We were playing something like "Waiting For My Man" with the whole Marshall, distortion thing, with the guts and hate, with the "Look at me, I do exist" feeling. It was always aggressive. The only punk thing by then was Iggy Pop, I always wanted to be Iggy's son! It was the right stuff, covering his body with peanut butter, it's not a Gary Glitter thing." Decca Records then



stepped in to sign the band and their first release for the label was September 16th 1977's "Where Have All The Boot Boys Gone/You're A Bore" which was issued in both 7" and 12" formats and for which the band also made a promo video. Though the song is now regarded as an all-time street classic, it landed *Slaughter* in trouble with gig after gig cancelled as the band felt the full force of the punk backlash. The song was written by Wayne Barratt and was about the way he was in 1972, a skinhead supporting Manchester United. Wayne continues, "By then, there was violence during the football games, but it wasn't political at all. During *Slaughter's* last shows, there was those big racist skinheads coming with *Slaughter* tattoos next to "sieg heil" tattoos. I'm Jewish and religious and I was going to these guys, telling them, hey you're crazy, you come to a show, watch a schmuck sing and sieg heil, are you nuts? *Sham 69* had the same kind of problems with the National Front but it was even worse for us as *Sham* sort of had a whole set of songs dealing with things skins can relate to while we only had "Boot Boys" which the skins considered as an anthem. You have to understand that a bootboy was a 1972 type skin, not a '79 skin, it's totally different. I was definitely happy when I left the band that this *Slaughter*/skinhead relation was over. I never was into this nazi skinhead thing!" "Where Have All The Boot Boys Gone" ended up on the 1980 "Oi! The Album" compilation which the band were not happy with at all as Wayne explains: "I don't like some of the bands on that record politically.

You have to understand something, music is not here to lead you to political opinions, it's here to make you escape, to make you dream. With my lyrics, it's only stories, personal stories, nothing political. I keep my opinions for myself. With this Oi! compilation, they didn't ask us anything, they just used our song. I knew Garry Bushell well, he was a Hersham boy, *Sham 69's* following. Our goal with *Slaughter* wasn't to be a skinhead band or to have a skinhead following, it was to give pleasure to the most kids, give 'em something to release their energy so they wouldn't act crazy outside the show, in their everyday life. It was working out great at first but by the end, we had like 800 skins sieg heiling, it was ridiculous. On the other hand it kinda helped the band 'cos when people talk about *Slaughter & The Dogs*, everybody goes "Boot Boys." The song went into the Top-100 in England, it was our best selling record but definitely, the song was misinterpreted, you had to take care by then about what you were saying in England!" November 30th 1977 saw the release of the "Dame To Blame/Johnny T" single which was followed on 27th February 1978 by the "Quick Joey Small/Come On Back" single which featured a guest appearance by Rossi's hero, Mick Ronson.

The band's debut LP "Do It Dog Style" was finally released in May '78 though poor sales resulted in the label dropping the band leading to them splitting shortly after its release, vocalist Barratt relocating to France in search of romance! Wayne Barratt explains "Ken Muffet, our drummer, and Mike wanted to do something else while Howard, the bass player was more into a *Cheap Trick*/pop thing and me I wanted to improve within our punk rock thing, if you can call it punk. Music-wise, it was definitely a "no future" thing, everything had to be commercial, *The Clash* had changed, the *Pistols* were gone... everything went "New Wave", except for *The Damned* who were still hot! I really didn't like this "New Wave" thing at all, that's not what punk meant to me: between '75 and '78 punk wasn't a music style nor a lifestyle, it was a mess! You could do whatever you wanted, just like the hippies did in the early 70s with the "Flower Power", there was no limitations." Rabid issued the "Live Slaughter Rabid Dogs" LP, recorded at Manchester's Belle Vue on 9th July 1977 whilst TJM issued the four track "Slaughter & The Dogs" 12" around the same time as Rossi, Bates, Muffet and new guitarist Billy Duffy (ex-*The Nosebleeds*, later of *The Cult*) teamed up with a new vocalist Steven Morrisey (later of *The Smiths*!) to play a couple of gigs under the *Slaughter & The Dogs* banner.

By May '79 Rossi, Bates, Duffy and drummer Phil Rowland (ex-*Eater*) had re-emerged as *The Studio Sweethearts*, releasing the single "I Believe/It Isn't Me" for DJM Records though with few promoters willing to book the band (they all wanted *Slaughter*) The *Sweethearts* folded just two months later. Re-uniting with Barratt and Muffet and relaunching as *Slaughter & The Dogs* the band issued the 45 "You're Ready Now/Runaway" on November 8th 1979 though this reunion also proved to be temporary as the rest of the band got tired of Wayne's constant unscheduled excursions to France and he was replaced by former *Nosebleeds* vocalist Ed 'Banger' Garrity. He debuted on the "East Side Of Town/One By One" single, released in February 1980, and also appeared on the "Bite Back" LP - the band actually making a full-length video, recorded at London's Dingwalls, for the whole album which to this day has never seen outside the record company's vaults - and the "I'm The One/What's Wrong Boy (Live)/Hell In New York" single before *Slaughter & The Dogs* called it a day again in early '81, disillusioned by their lack of commercial success.

Looking back on the punk rock explosion, Wayne reckons it can happen again in the `90s, albeit in a different atmosphere. "Today we're living in the same disco shit thing we had in 1972, the "world music" thing is totally dumb to me, those guys who piss in water or whatever and do a song with it, it's so stupid! Who want this? Me, I like to see a band with real instruments, with 4 or 5 guys sweating and screaming."

After splitting with his wife, it made Wayne Barratt want to start again though original bassist Howard Bates and drummer Brian Grantham weren't into it, so after a call from the Trojan/Receiver label who wanted a new *Slaughter* LP Wayne, Mike and some French drummer called No'l got together in 1992 to record the forgettable bluesy rock album "Shocking" including a cover of Gary Moore's "Back On The Streets."

Nothing was heard from the band ever since until 1996 when *Slaughter & The Dogs* were announced to play at the "Holidays In The Sun" bash, a massive celebration of 20 years of Punk which saw the reunion of several other early punk rock bands like *The Drones*, *Eater*, *The Carpettes*, *Suburban Studs*, *Spizz Energi*, etc... The line-up being





Wayne Barratt on vocals, Mike Rossi on guitar, Nigel Mead on bass and No'l Kay on drums. Their brilliant performance has been captured on the "Live In Blackpool 1996" CD, a superb desk recording on which all the hits get an airing (available through Get A Loife distro in case you're interested and you should really...) and on the "Cranked Up Really High In Blackpool" video which also includes an interview with Wayne Barratt who reckons that the live album gave them the possibility to put things right: "There is no message behind the name of *Slaughter* and our only mission was and still is to let the people who pay to come and see usdecide if we were good or bad. Looking back on the last 20 years I have heard and seen so much shit being grinded out which has suffocated us into a totally false image - the "Live & Compiled" predecessors were totally crap but of course after these items had been released it was too late, the damage had been done. We were not notified about these non-official recordings which is why Mike and myself decided to do the gig and record it for an album at the same time to set the record straight. After seeing all the old & new punks at Blackpool I would like to say that I think there is a future in punk music - if you listen to the album and think hey I'd like to do the same think, go for it! When we started out we were sick of disco music, now it's the same with all the techno bullshit. If you want to listen to real live bands, keep going to the gigs, don't just sit on your arse and watch top of the fuckin' pops. Form bands, play wherever you can and keep what's called culture alive!" Mick Rossi adds "We were all drawn to Blackpool to celebrate 20 years of attitude, raw music and raw power. We had a fine time that night, the atmosphere was dripping off the walls. It was great to be united under one roof with an amazing crowd and an arsenal of bands". Some *Slaughter & The Dogs* fanatic said after the show: "They played like they'd had a gig every night from 1977 to now. The likes of Runaway, Boston Babies, Where Have All The Boot Boys Gone and Cranked Up Really High sounded as fresh as ever as they blasted through them in their same old Punk meets Glam Rock style".

Over twenty years after their formation, their name is still held in much higher esteem than many of their so-called peers and their records are now highly prized and expensive collectors items. As Mick Rossi said "Maybe because we never sold out, people feel our music is an honest reflection of angry British `70s youth and if it's inspired anyone to pick up a guitar and form a band, then I can only say that we've achieved much more then we ever set out to do".

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THE BUTCHERS

After completing their "worst" set ever at the Phoenix oi fest. I had a little chat with Stu (vocals) and Carl (guitar) of the Butchers.

AUS: I don't want to start this interview out with a sore subject, but you said this was your worst show you ever played, you traveled all the way down from Seattle...

S: Awful, awful, we sound better than this at practice. We started this thing as a straight rock-n-roll band

C: *Rose Tattoo* covers..

S: Yeah, when I met Carl he wanted to get away from doing *Templars* stuff as much as he could. We did our our own thing and fuck face fucked it all up.

AUS: How long have you guys been together?

S: 6 months, go ahead you can ask Carl something..

AUS: Carl is not answer guy, we already went through this, he is a negative.

C: That's affirmative

S: He's the brains behind it all (Dwayne, the Butchers bass player and source of Stu's anger for the evening approaches. Stu is a bit upset and wants him as far away as possible.)

AUS- Carl, you got togather with Stu cause you wanted to step away from the Templars material?

C: I just want to play something different. Playing with the *Templars* I have to keep it kind of simple so I can play and sing at the same time. Whereas with these guys I have the freedom to play shit that I normally can't play. I want to play some more rock type stuff... *Rose Tattoo.*

AUS: So what is this I heard about real animal parts on stage?

C: You know "the Butchers", you need to have some sort of theme.

AUS- So it's not Butchers, as in "we are going to fuck yer shit up" it's like Butchers of the meat department>

S: We'll butcher you, like we'll smash a pig head, but as you could tell we just butcher rock-n-roll.

AUS: I heard you're not allowed to play in Seattle, why is that?

C: The animal parts.

AUS: You are actually banned from clubs?

C: One club definitly and there are a bunch of promoters that don't want anything to do with us,.

S: All ages venues, because this broad sent out e-mails and mailed a lot of people saying we were fascist.

C: The first show we played we had this hogs head and the fucker was huge. Stu picks it up like some sort of pagan ritual and throws it out into the crowd. The crowd goes wild, they are kicking it around like a soccer ball. This one girl threw up, she couldn't take it. A bunch of vegetarians fuckin walked out. The promoter said we were never going to play there again. All the bands we played with are not playing there again. Then they sent out word to all the other promoters not to let us play.

S: The best part of the band was when we started from day one. I'm a big *Stooges* fan right, *MC5*, *New York Dolls*, *the Thunders*, that kind of horse-shit right. Carl is a big rock-n-roll fan and our drummer, he's into whatever he'll play whatever. Then our bass player, he is in *Flathead*, Seattles own *MC5* rip off band. They do some cool songs but generally they suck. We got togather and it was like comets colliding, rock-n-roll wise. We did really good the last time we played. Tonight we had to cut 3 or 4 songs from our set cause fucking dipshit was all drunk.

C: That'd be brother Dwayne.

S: I'm really fuckin mad at him.

AUS: At the beginning of your set you said that most of the bands around now are here for the fashion.

S: Of course, it's radio accessable. Real street rock-n-roll, I'm into the Cockney Rejects, I listen to stupid shit like U.F.O. and shit like that. Real rock-n-roll, I love oi, I'm a skinhead I'm proud of it but all the shit that other oi bands are ripping off, that is what we play. All that *Chiswick* stuff, *New York Dolls.* That's what were all about.

C: A little *Johnny Thunders, Rose Tattoo.*

S: That's real cock rock and shit, but we come from the streets. And when I say that I'm not talking about...when you hear a band, just the guitar chords, and



they play them from the heart you can hear it, these guys are for real ya know. But you can also hear twats trying to do this and that and shaking their shit around and it is nothing. You can hear it from the streets, and Carl has got that street sound in his guitar, Rich in his drums, even our twat ass bass player.

C: Normally he can play pretty well.

S: Yeah he's great, but tonight I wanted to...

C; He's actually not a bass player he is a drummer.

S: I wanted to kick his ass. Carl took a lot of time out of his schedule... he is really busy he works he goes to school. Our drummer is fuckin awesome.

AUS: Lets talk about your stage presence. You usually have bands that go up on stage and just stand there but you when buck ass crazy, bands don't seem to do that anymore and really makes a show fun.

S: Tonight, to be really honest, not to toot my own horn. But we are stupid you know at least me personally, we're really stupid. I get up there I pull my pants down, I get up there and say yer all gonna jerk off to this. I ask em' how many underage girls are in the audience, I say hey if yer underage that is all the better cause that pussy is that much tighter. That is not an act to me, that is how I really am, ask Carl he'll tell you this.

C: Stu is fucking crazy.

AUS: Is that weird for you, when your on stage with the Templars doing your thing you are almost straped to the microphone. The ya get up there with the Butchers and it's a completly different story.

C: In the *Templars* I gotta play and sing so I am limited to what I can do.

AUS: Are you envious of his jumping around?

C: I'm not envious, I wish I could move a little more but we (*the Templars*) never get to practice cause we're all across the country. I'm glad can put on a good show, it takes the focus off of me. I just want to play the guitar and have a good time.

AUS: You ony have one more show after this one and then it's all over.

S: If that, I think we have two more coming up.

AUS- So why the break up?

C: I'm leaving, going back to New York then moving to Finnland for a year. They can find another guitarist that's cool with me.

S: If we get another guitarist we are going to change the name it won't be the same band.

C: It's pretty much me and Stu writting the songs. I come up with the music, Stu comes up with the lyrics.

S: As stupid as they are.

AUS: Do you cover anything in particular in your lyrics?

S: We got a ditty called *Urban Rot*. We all live in the city like most people do. And one of the lines is: "quick and easy just wont do it, eat plastic shit, no where left to run or hide it's time for this urban rot to die. I say quick and easy just wont do it, eat plastic shit." Everything comes in a can these days it's all so convenient. Here's your jar of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, here's your tamales in a can. We stab at everything. We sing a lot of shit like *Teenage Sluts*, about girls who go to parties, these young ladies...

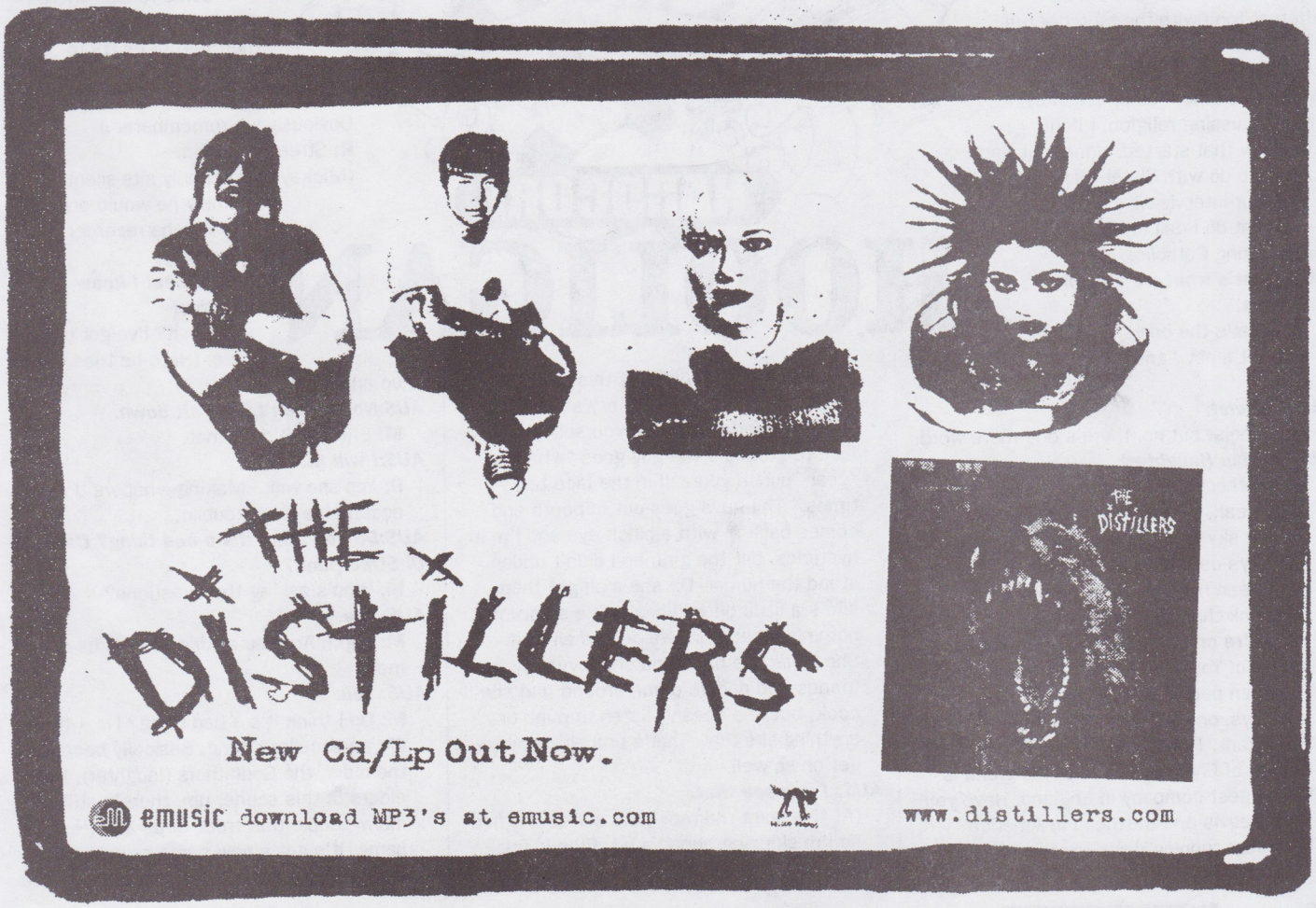
C: Layyyydies

S: Exactly, they are twats a lot of them are real cunts... they're beautiful women but they give heir bodies up for nothing. If a women wants to do that...

AUS: Do you have any words of inspiration for all the new bands out there struggling to do their own thing?

C: Broaden your horizon, music wise that is.

S: Get down with it, testisfy to real rock-n-roll! *MC5, Thunders, New York Doll*, it's great rock-n-roll, it's a little stupid sissy shit but it's great rock-n-roll. Thats where punk rock came from that's where oi came from. You got to get down to the real rock-n-roll.



This all came about because Timmy wanted a non-bald, non-male run interview with Mickey Fitz of The Business. This was partially to be, tho I was helped by Rico, very bald and very very male, in parts of the interview, the parts when he wasn't off shmoozing and drinking too much Guinness. Our business, Hooligan Empire, was discussing business with The Business (are you getting all this?) when I sprang the recorder on Mickey and told him we'd be interviewing. We were sitting at Finnegan's starting at about 4:30 in the afternoon, I think I tried to leave about 11:00 and ended up at home about 2:00am. Some of the later part of the interview was long after I'd run out of tape so forgive any memory discrepancies, I hope Mickey will forgive as well. I couldn't leave some of it out just because it was too good. I tried to be as close as possible. He's extremely hard to understand on the tape, his accent being coupled with very loud Johnny Cash.

We decided to finish the business end of The Business/Hooligan Empire dealings before the interview began but he kept talking about things I wanted in the interview so we began since I knew there'd be a different tone with the recorder running, I told him I couldn't get it to work. Yeah, yeah, I lied, so sue me. At this time Rico and Mickey were discussing religion, I don't know how that started. Honest, it had nothing to do with Sister Mary at all. So begins our interview.

R: What do I call myself? A recovering Catholic.

AUS: That's what we call all Catholics.

M: What's the one I like? It's umm, it's not Agnostic, another word.

AUS: Atheist.

M: Atheist but no, there's one more word.

AUS: Pagan (laughter)

M: In other words, what's the one that says 'yeah, we believe in God if He comes out the sky and stands there next to us and buys us a beer at the pub and proves it.' I mean not only does he buy us beers..

R: I think that's more Agnostic.

M: You're probably right, maybe that is Agnostic. You see people getting upset, I've seen people tearing each other apart, two guys, one's Catholic and one's Protestant. That's sad. Don't forget the Church of England. Church of England is the biggest company in England. Have you seen Beavis and Butthead in America? I had tears running down my face. Have you seen it?

AUS: I haven't seen it.

M: There's this fucking bit, right? They shouldn't have been where they are, they get on this bus taking them somewhere and it's full of nuns, right? (You'll have to imagine Mickey Fitz imitating Beavis and Butthead here) Beavis and Butthead are like, "chicks, hehehe", then they stop at this church and it's like, "great, restrooms". They go into the confessional booths, "Beavis, this is a strange shitter", but of course next minute there's people coming in. "Father I have sinned", "Hehe, why's that?", "I'm married and I screwed a girl last night", "Hehe, did she have big boobs?"



(there is much laughter at this point.) Instead of 'say ten Hail Mary's' he went "hehehe, pervert, punch yourself in the face ten times". The guy goes "what?", "yeah, punch yourself in the face ten times." The guys goes out of booth and comes back in with a black eye and I'm in hysterics, but the girlfriend didn't understand the humor. Oh she's alright then, she's a little bit laid back. She's not into.. nothing about what we do and all that. She loves the band and she loves my friends and people come around and she'll cook, but she doesn't listen to punk or anything like that. That's probably why we get on so well.

AUS: I can see that.

(At this point the tape gets a little muffled so I'm skipping ahead a bit. Rico is back and I still haven't let on that the tape is working.)

AUS: So let's go back to the whole cellular thing about the whole Streetpunk/Oi thing. (This was something that was under discussion before I really did get the tape working.)

M: Oh hang on, it's not working now is it? Yes it is!

AUS: No it's not, no, it's not.

M: Yeah it is.

AUS: I think the batteries are dead.

M: The red button's on.

AUS: No, there's no red button.

(At this point someone wants a picture so Terry Bones takes the camera to take a picture. So I'm off the hook, or so I thought.)

M: Don't give him the camera!

(Now Mickey sits back down and doesn't miss a beat)

M: It's not working is it?

AUS: No, no it's not working.

M: The batteries fucked? Whatever happened to the days people wrote it down.

(Finally I give in and tell him indeed it's working, I'm such a puss.)

AUS: It's working, I was just lying.

M: Ah, bitch. (laughter)

(For some reason there is now a long discussion as the three of us try to remember that a court reporter is called a court reporter. Obviously we remembered.)

R: Streetpunk, Oi...

(Mickey momentarily sits silent, as I knew he would once he knew the recorder as working.)

AUS:See! I knew you'd do this!

M: What? I've got to go pee. (Here he tries to get up and leave)

AUS:No you don't, now sit down.

M: She won't print that.

AUS:I will to.

R: Yes she will... Making what we do more acceptable to the public...

AUS:Do you think it's a bad thing? Calling Oi Streetpunk?

M: Who's asking the questions?

AUS: Me.

M: Right. Are you asking both of us or just me?

AUS: You.

M: Do I think it's a bad thing? No, I think it's an excellent thing. Basically because the older, the Godfathers (laughter), the elders of this scene, um, there's still so many people that treat Oi as a gutter name. It's got a new name now. Not to everyone but it's basically if you said to a

young punk, "hey, listen to this band", "what sort of music is it?", "it's Oi", "oh no, I can't go to the show 'cause skins, you know..." Now hit the guy again, take the tape back, "hey come listen to this band", "what sort of music?", "Streetpunk", "great, I'll see you at the venue tonight". It's not like the old days, the skins don't attack. There are too many people working far too hard for that to happen anymore. And personally I think it's a brilliant idea, 'cause it's basically expanding the whole scene.

AUS: There are people that think that shouldn't happen too.

M: Yes, I hate the insecurity. A lot of skins won't come and watch The Business now. [They say] "Well we're pure original skins, yeah" you know. We wear shorts on stage and listen to Madball. I hate that side of it as well, that's just... I don't care how people dress. I was a skinhead before I was fucking born, and I was a skinhead for years, I'm more about skinhead than a lot of 'em. I just happen to prefer dressing in a more casual way now. I'll never forget Freddy (of Madball) said to me years ago, "Mick, don't wear Dr. Martens onstage." He said, "They're far too dangerous, you'll break your neck." We didn't come to the US til '94 for the first time and our first US Tour wasn't until 1995. You have to learn from other bands, all the bands help each other out. I give advice to other people and people give me advice and that's what it's all about. Everybody dresses however they bloody want, there weren't that many Hooligans there last night. Because they probably listen to different music.

R: You can have football supporters that are not skinheads. You can have the same common ground, you can both enjoy the same sport but not have to follow the same guidelines.

M: Maybe a lot of the Hooligans don't realize and it might be a good idea to document it, a lot of us stopped dressing as skins because of football. A skinhead can be picked out far too easily by the cops, so we grew our hair a little bit changed into just jeans and training shoes, that way we could organize a lot quicker. Get things done, attack other clubs...

R: We won't go into that one.

M: Basically avoid being arrested. Because there's one thing I'll say, Rico'll back me up here, anybody will. There is nothing clever about being arrested and going to prison. Because basically that means you've been caught, so that means you are not clever. And it's true, there's no point in denying it, and our idea in those days was to make sure we didn't get caught so we didn't get fined, lose our jobs, stuff like that. So we always tried to be one step above the police.

R: It's kinda the same with the New York hardcore look too, every common kid looked the same. You couldn't tell who was into what, you'd see a lot of tatoos, you couldn't tell if he was a skater or he was into anything.

M: But there's no point in, I don't know how to word it... There are so many places now that accept skinhead as what it should have been in the first place. The traditional clothing, music and everything. The kids today, becoming skinheads, or haven't been one for very long, don't realize how much work has been done so they are free to wear those clothes. We're proud of them but I wish they'd realize how much work has been done without them having a clue. It's a bit like Hells Angels, Teddy Boys, all those factions, there's been a hell of a lot of work behind their backs so they are free to stand in the pub and not have any aggro.

R: Living here in Kansas City it's nice if you were to dress traditional, which a lot of us do dress traditional, to not get hassled, it's nice to see anybody wearing a different football clubs top and not get hassled, it's great to see boots and braces not get hassled. It's great to walk into an establishment and they're looking at you as a customer not as an idiot that wants to come in and trash the place. It takes a lot of the older people doing that for it not to happen.

M: How much work has that taken? You never get any thanks for it but we all know between ourselves what we've done. Going back to Hooligan and about football violence, there's one thing I do pray that the clubs across America, that it doesn't happen, what happened at home. Cause that will split the scene again, incredibly. I mean, imagine an away game like the Metro Stars going down to DC, or Kansas City going up to New York in a cup game and I want to see everyone enjoy themselves, not like it was at home. Thank God it doesn't happen here.

R: It would never happen in the States.

M: The only reason it's stopped at home, basically, is making the stadiums all seaters. Our stadiums weren't seated it was all terraces. For once the government got it right, the clubs are so big now you have to have a season ticket and your name is on that seat. If you're out of your seat and a fight breaks out that camera only has to go around once and go bang, and the next time you're sitting in your seat at the stadium, "Come with me." God knows why we did it, it's just it was our gang thing. Americans have always had gangs. Our gangs were with soccer and your gangs literally cruise in certain areas.

R: Talk about different factions and stuff like that, I've seen that with the skins I know. They're not accepting of other people that aren't like them, which to me is another form of discrimination as far as you can have a beer with anyone, you can have a chat with anyone, he doesn't have to follow your scene. You can learn from him and he will definitely, definitely learn from you. He probably already had an image of what you were before he had an image of what you were or vice versa. They'll just go, "what are you talking to that idiot for?"

M: I think there are a hell of a lot of skins that wouldn't dream of listening to The Business or any bands like that 'cause they're into ska. That's their music. Punks also, cause a guy's punk doesn't mean to say he likes only punk, he might like Dean Martin or whatever. It's true isn't it? And that's what it's all about. Freedom. Listen to what you want, not what the radio stations are trying to shove down your throat.





Photos courtesy of W.H.O.L.

Go out and watch some bands.

AUS:What would you think if Streetpunk got to that level?

M: Depends which band. (laughter)

AUS:If it was The Business, then that'd be okay? (more laughter)

M: Personally I think I'd have to cross that bridge when it arrived. There already are a lot of, they're not pure Streetpunk, but they're already bands that have number one albums in the states playing punk rock. People at home don't think that the Offspring and Green Day are punk rock, they just think they're rock bands. A question like that would be better for somebody like Billy Joe, 'cause me and Steve went to see Green Day. This is a story. I phoned up the agency that I knew was putting them on and asked if there was any chance of getting us in 'cause I knew it was sold out. But yeah, we went in, the merchandise guy working for Green Day recognized me and Steve. I went, "could you get us backstage." I've never met Green Day. He went off then the tour production manager came in, big guy and he sat there and went, "no one is allowed backstage." But that meant literally no one, that meant every single music press they wouldn't let them in 'cause they're sick of it, there sick of their attitude and this that and the other. And it wasn't like they were playing rockstars, it was that they were sick of talking to people who were only talking to them because they suddenly had a hit record. But bear in mind, Green Day haven't been a big band in Britain, they're still only playing the Brixton Academy and stuff, they're not what they're like over here. I still think they're a great band, no matter what people say. But uh, apparently this guy said look, these two play with The Business. Bear in mind I've never met Green Day and this guy walked up to me and went, "um, so, you wanna come backstage?" I went, "yeah, okay." So we went back and we were talking to him, this guy, and I didn't know it but it was Billy Joe. He came down and got us. I didn't know it was him but I'd never met him before. It was Green Day, me and Steve, we were talking about the Nimrod album, wives, kids, so on. They went on and me and Steve sat behind the drum kit, no camera crews were on the stage or anything and I was amazed at 'em. And the crowd and the kids loved 'em. I got more respect for those guys now like Rancid and the Offspring because of the sheer hard work they put into the scene.

AUS:Here in America though...

M: People go, "oh they suck."

AUS: Sell-out, that's the big thing here.

M: But don't forget in the early days as soon as the Pistols went in to the top twenty in the charts, and the Clash, and the Damned, we said exactly the same thing. "Stop buying their records" and refused to go watch them play. The Clash came over here and started playing to thousands and thousands of people and "sell-out." Going back to your question, I wouldn't know unless that happened to us. I personally wouldn't change but a lot of people would change towards me. And I'd carry on working as hard as I possibly could but...



AUS:As long as you stay true to what you were doing how could that be selling out?

M: And these bands are true to what they were doing.

AUS:A lot of skinheads here would cut their own tongues out before they'd admit they liked Green Day.

M: It's pointless. If the music's good you can't deny it. I mean, how many kids were brought up, particularly in this country, listening to, 'cause of their parents, listening to, on Sunday afternoon after you'd had your lunch Dad would put on his Frank Sinatra album, or his Dean Martin album or, worse still, Elvis Presley. I'm sorry but his music makes me feel sick. If that kid is truthful, he still listens to those records now, he still plays them. And still, if they were alive, would go and watch them play.

AUS: What are some of the newer bands that you're seeing potential in?

M: A lot and I won't name them. Most of them know what they are and who they are.

AUS: Okay, just tell me the ones that suck. (laughter)

M: Oh, there's fucking loads of them. There's a lot of bands that suck and they know who they are as well.

(This is where Rico reappears suddenly, after shmoozing and drinking Guinness)

R: My question is more in the sports realm.

M: You went to pee, didn't ya? I'm busting my neck for a piss, I've got no drink..

AUS: Could you get this man a drink, please?

R: I will in a minute, what do you want to drink?

M: Can I have a Absolut and Cranberry?

R: Yes, you can but you have to answer this question.

M: Okay, okay, okay

R: What was your...

M: And can I have a plastic bottle to piss in, unless you want to follow me to the toilet.

AUS: That'd be interesting, I would.

M: Which you can if you want, I don't care.

AUS: We'll be going into the bathroom in a moment. (I said this directly to the recorder, like I was talking directly to you, get it?)

R: Okay, here's my question. What did you think about what United (Manchester United) did winning the triple and what did you think about United doing it for England? I want your opinion, and your honest opinion about that. Especially being an English club beating a German club.

M: He's got me, hasn't he. Ladies and Gentleman, I'd just like to say how much, as a Westham United fan, I detest Manchester United. Forget the Hooligan thing from a football point of view I was extremely proud of what they did and more so than that it was the actual football they played was just fucking unbelievable. The way Beckham's come through after what happened in the World Cup with Argentina, he basically cost the game or helped, it was a joy for Manchester United to do so. But basically, cause the way I looked at it, was to actually watch the football that they played was great. And good luck to them, but I hope they get jack shit next season.

AUS: Alright, let's pee.

M: Alright. Will Brian mind me going to the toilet? (Brian is my betrothed)

AUS: Oh no.

M: We're in the bath now.

AUS: I don't know how to type pee sounds but we'll figure that one out.

M: Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle - and then Flush.

AUS: What's a good bathroom question? What's the best bathroom you've ever been in, I figure you've been in a lot.

M: I think the best one was the Renaissance in Los Angeles. Did I ever tell you we got escorted off the plane in Los Angeles trying to go home after the last

tour?

AUS: For what?

M: We got escorted off by Los Angeles police.

AUS: What did you do?

M: We were going to get deported and everything. This is a great story this one, you 'll love this one. (We're now walking back to the table where we stop off at Brian's table) Your wife's been to the toilet with me.

B: Oh, she follows me all the time.

AUS: I didn't shake. (laughter)

M: We went over to do some shows in California and we were flying home. It was the four of us and we were drunk, very drunk. But I'm one of those people that generally if I'm really really pissed and tired I'll go to sleep. I don't start getting pissy or stuff like that I'll just go and go to sleep. Sat there, it was really hot, vests on, the Stewardess walked down, we were flying back to England, and she just looked at Terry and sorta went "tss" (I'm not sure how to type that, use a little imagination). Then the plane's ready to take off and I looked in the gangway and there's a bag, a black bag like doctors use, in the gangway. Well the stewardesses have strapped themselves up ready for takeoff back to London. Well fucking hell, you never know, could be a bomb or whatever. So I stood up and said, 'excuse me, who's bag's this?'. No answer, shout it out again, 'who's bag's this?' No one answered me, thought fuck this and pressed the button, stewardess comes down, just looks at us again and says, "tss". I said, "look, I want to find out who's bag that is."

(The conversation is then interrupted by Terry snagging a Hooligan shirt and us calling him a clothes whore.)

M: So going back, I went "find out who's bag this is." So she went, "excuse me, who's bag is this?" and this bloke behind me says, "oh, it's mine". I stood out of my seat and went, "you cunt, I fucking asked twice who's fucking bag this was." I said, "you slag, you wait til you get back to fucking London." Sat down, Bing Bong "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is your captain, there will be a short delay while Los Angeles police board the plane." I'm thinking, now what. They fucking come straight on, like six of them, these guys and went "come with us, bring your hand luggage." I went, "us?" Guy went, "yes, now." Now this means we're gonna get deported, this also means we can never come back to America again, for at least ten years. So they took us to the Security unit. I went, "look, look, look, before you say anything let me just quickly say what I did and why I did it. There was a bag that was in the aisle, blah blah blah, and I am convinced I'm right in saying that that is a security risk, that could have been a bomb." The top guy in security went, "we didn't realize this, sir. This isn't what we were told by the Captain, bear with us." They radioed thru to the Captain, he went, "I didn't know anything about this either." However, the stewardess still refused to have us on the plane. She said we were drunk, and I said yeah, we had a few drinks but this is important. LA Security totally agreed with us, before we knew where we were the rep from United Airlines comes, I think it's UA, says, "Excuse us sirs, if you'd like to come with us there's a courtesy vehicle



waiting outside. We're taking you to the Hilton." You understand the Los Angeles Hilton right? Free of charge.

AUS: This wasn't the best bathroom?

M: It gets better. "We're giving you $70 of vouchers each and we're going to fly you home on the same flight tomorrow, first class." So, I went in the Hilton for the first time in my life, oh it's beautiful. Went in there, went to check in, economy, the woman went, "oh no sir, you're first class. Come with me." We get taken in this private lounge, cocktails, this that and the other all free of charge. So I went up to the girl and said, "'Scuse love, you going to give us a shout when the plane leaves?" She looked at me and went, "Sir we don't get you, we take you to the plane." And this is getting better, right? Meanwhile it's getting a bit near when the flight was due to go and no one has said anything so I said, "Look, what's happening with the flight?" 'Cause I was scared of missing it 'cause we had to get back to London and, uh, I said to Mickey Drum, I said, "Oh fuck it, it's some kind of a shit." So what's his shit came back, he went, "Come on." I'm like what? He went, "We're going." The plane had been canceled, there was computer failure on the plane. So I went up the desk, I went, I laughed, I went "So I guess it's back to the Hilton? hahaha." She went, "Oh no sir, economy goes to the Hilton, you're first class, you're going to the Renaissance." Fucking Renaissance, right? Me and the drummer's in a room together, we were slaughtered, I tell you, we watched a game in there, it was Champion's League, right? There's a knock on the door in the morning, half past ten. "Who the fuck's that?" I woke up, fucking hell, that's rude. Now this is the best bathroom I've been in right? I opened the door and there's this guy standing there with this trolley, I went, "Yes mate, can I help you?" He said, "Yes sir, you ordered the filet mignon steak and the champagne for breakfast." I went, "No, I didn't." He went, "Yeah, you did. Just give me the vouchers and I'll bring it in for you." So I went to Mick (the drummer) and went, "Filet Mignon?" He went, "Yeah, that's mine." That flight going home wasn't canceled but that was the best bathroom. That is a great story, and it's true, every word of it. That's the only time I'll be able to go in the Hilton or the fucking Renaissance.

(Rico returns)

R: How'd he do with the United question?

AUS: Very well, I have it all recorded.

M: You'll quite like my reply.

R: Where do you see The Business for the Millennium?

M: If all goes to plan we'll record the album in January.

R: What's the name?

M: We haven't decided yet.

AUS: Alison

M: Who?

AUS: That's my name.

M: Alison, I know that but I mean, Elvis Costello used that didn't he? No, if it all goes to plan it'll be recorded in January 'cause we want Lars to produce again and we work at home. You have to work around schedules and this that and the other so we'll do well to record in January. That'll be due for release Easter. I can't say what record label it's going to be on at the moment, it's getting close but I can't say who. As my son says, "If Mick Jagger can still do it, Dad, you can." (much laughter)

AUS: So you're going to just keep going?

M: No. When I'm not kicking ass, the day I don't kick ass then I know it's time for us to go.

R: We, as fans, can we expect to hear anymore football songs?

M: Probably, something will probably happen but it won't be, oi, oi, oi the triple boys. (much laughter, again). As much as you'd probably like it we're not fucking going to do it. We've got a song on a Westham compilation, which I found out about a while ago but there's us on it, the Rejects, stuff like that.

R: Unfortunately I wouldn't get that but now I know it's there maybe I will get it. Can you get it in the states?

M: What? The Westham one? Yeah, now that you say that I don't know.

R: We never get any compilations of any football songs. I'd love to hear a compilation like that.

M: I like to collect everything that the Business has done but generally, like when I went on holiday the last time I had to buy three myself that we were on because no one sends them to us. No compilations, nothing.

AUS: We want to do the Hooligan compilation eventually.

M: I tell you what, I could get a few bands on that.

AUS: That would be good.

M: In fact some good ass bands. If we can't get anything recorded or anything we could license Hardcore Hooligan. Some people think it's about Hardcore but it's not. In fact it's my shirt that inspired that (indicating his Hooligan jersey).

AUS: So we inspired you?

M: Right.

AUS: You write most of the lyrics?

M: We all do. I'm not a musician and I don't play an instrument but I've got good ears. Steve comes up with tunes and then we get the drums.

AUS: How has your writing changed? I'm a terrible interviewer.

M: Yeah, I know... It's changed a hell of a lot, particularly the last album. I was talking to a girl the other night, Mike Ness, from Social Distortion, I've never met him. I'd love to meet him because I want to know how, cuz he's quite open about the fact that he had that fierce drug problem for ten years or whatever. And he comes back clean and makes an album, White Light, White Heat, White Trash, which is probably the best album I've heard in ten years, by far. The songs, everything, I think the album is absolutely incredible. Where does he get his inspiration?

(The food arrives so we go for some closing words.)

AUS: Are you going to be doing more tours like this?

M: I'd rather go out with 3 or 4 bands, personally, cuz it's punk rock. It's impossible to organize it properly. It's so much to put together.

AUS: I was disappointed that your set got cut short.

M: If it hadn't have been then it wouldn't have been fair to the kids that paid their money cuz they'd have missed out on TSOL. It's pointless to say they all came to see us cuz they hadn't. It's not our tour. TSOL are the headliner. They're really nice guys, all the bands are great. I'd rather see 3 or 4 bands a night.

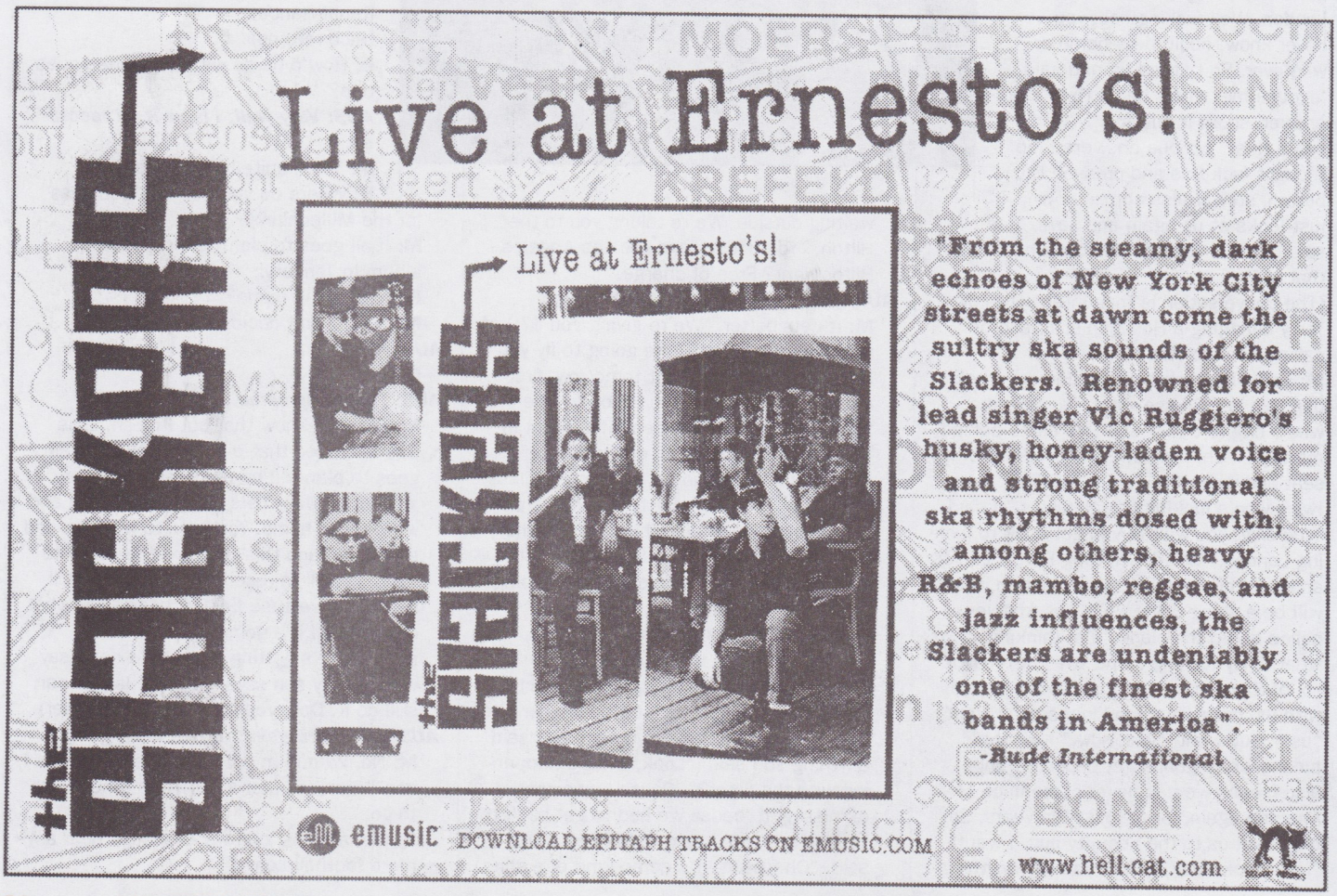
AUS: (to Rico) Anything else? We gotta let the man eat.

R: No, thank you.

AUS: Thanks for letting me pee with you.

M: No problem.

Mickey got to eat and the rest of the night we heard more hilarious stories from various roads but alas I had no more tape. I'd try to tell you from memory but it would lack a certain something and I'd probably fuck them all up. It did get funny when a girl came into the bar, with no clue of who the Business were, and proceeding to give Mickey the third degree about where he was originally from and whether his trip here was for business or pleasure. Guess you had to be there. The evening ended with Mr. Fitz sucking helium from balloons and yelling soccer chants in an extremely high voice, along with "Man U sucks". I wish I'd a had tape for that one.



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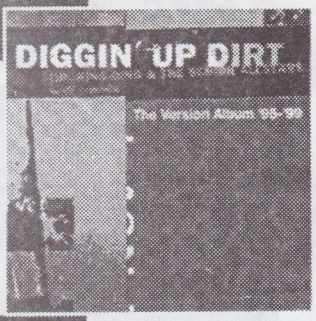
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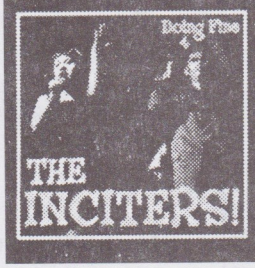
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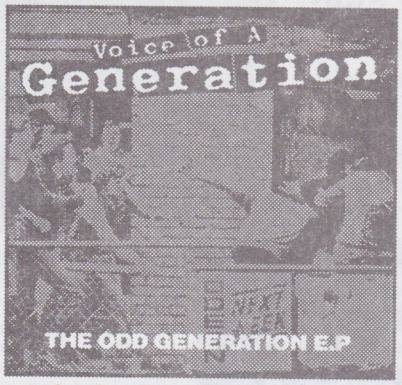
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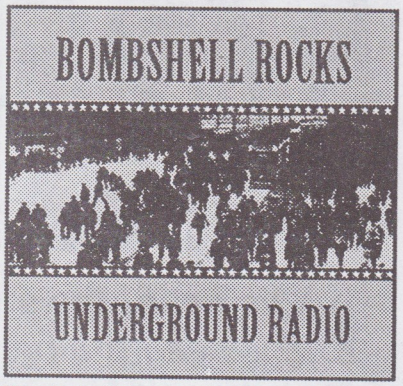
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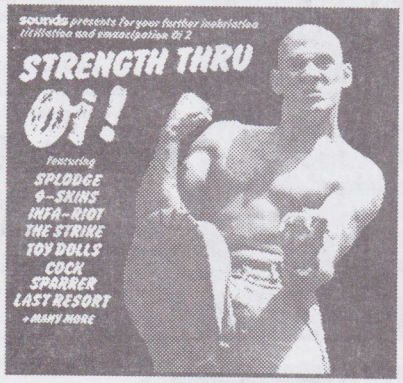
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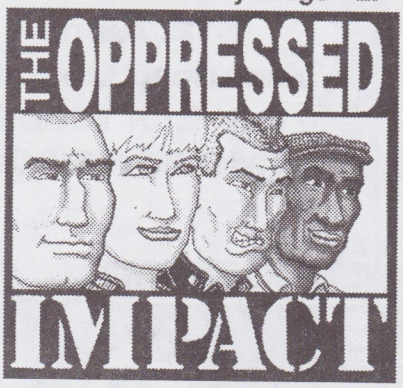
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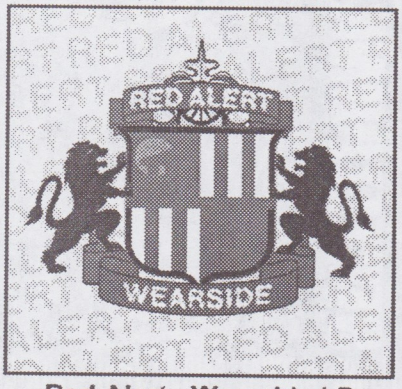
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judgements

7 Shot Screamers
Girls a Tramp EP

Straight out of St. Louis, MO come some young bucks stuck in a time warp of rock-n-roll. I've heard the Screamers live show is fantastic. This recording on the other hand lacks any energy or power, even for a "bumpa-dumpa" band (that's rockabilly to the rest of you folks) quality recording can be important. It's all leather jackets an pompadore from here on out folks.Sorry Dutch

Self Released

Adolf and the Piss Artists
This Is Your Law EP

Nothing against Chet, but every time I talk about the band the name comes out as Adolf and the Piss Ants, so I think you need to change the name. Onto the music. In this day and age of bands skirting "topics, issues or stances," APA are standing firm. Taking the music back to a time when reading the lyrics was an essential part of every record, cept they sound better. And when a band is gonna tell it like it is they may want to take some hints from the track *"We Don't Pose"* Those rich kids in the suburbs/ Dressed in their braces and boots/ They've never had dirt on their hands/ And they come to shows in suits. Tell it like it is brother Chet. Dutch

45 Revolution

Agnostic Front
Riot, Riot, Upstart CD

On their worst day Agnostic Front puts out the hardest, rawest, music that flies out of your speakers like a hail of gunfire, and this is not their worst day. Agnostic Front's latest offering Riot, Riot Upstart will open up your head like a neurosurgeon on crack. It's the legacy of more than 20 years of NYHC coming down your throat like a porn star. Don't say I didn't warn you. Cyrus

Hellcat Records

Blood for Blood
Revenge on Society CD

"She's tempting me and promises things that'll never happen," growls Blood for Blood's Buddha about "A Bitch Called Hope." On Revenge on Society, Blood for Blood grabs society by the balls and grinds them together with the hardest crunch-laden tracks this side of a Slayer show. These guys are pissed off, and make sure everyone knows about it. Problem is they're pissed because society has treated em like shit and didn't follow through. Well guess what you lazy fuckers, that bitch called hope doesn't owe you the PBR you drink. Musically, this CD is among the hardest and heaviest around. Too bad White-Trash Rob's lyrics come across like a little girl whining because she didn't get the new Trailer Trash Barbie for Christmas. RamJam

Victory Records

The Boils
When The Sun Goes Down CD

The Boils, without a fucking doubt tear it up on their new release: *When The Sun Goes Down.* At first glance you would expect either a dose of pogo punk or even worse, crustya-narchopunk. Instead you treated to a full on blast of high energy punk-fucking-rock. The song breakdowns on this are fucking insane, breakneck paced tracks that do not blend in together by the end of the CD, each song is a fucking stand out. As before with these guys each song is riddled with politics, and if that is not your boat you can still fully appreciate this CD for the outstanding music. . . Dutch

Creep Records

Bombshell Rocks
Underground Radio

Hell I'll admit it... I like Rancid as much as the next guy. But I like it more when Rancid does it. Nuff Said. Dutch

GMM Records

The Booked
Feel the Pride CD

Once called the Bouncing Souls of Oi (weren't the Bouncing Souls oi at one time?) The Booked come out strong with their maiden release *Feel The Pride.* The Booked have truly stepped out on their own as far as musical styling goes, no rehashed, retreaded schlop here, just 100% powerful original oi music done with the Corpus Christi flare. Never mind any of the crap ya've heard about the CD cover, I can't believe the hype it has received. If the chain stores are too blind to see that the cover is meant in no disrespect than they are dumber than we originally thought. Dutch

Radical Records

Boot Militia
Boot Militia EP

Starting off with the one memorable track from the film Romper Stomper, hey I thought it was called *Skinhead Skinhead,* damn wrong again, the track is called *Pulling On The Boots,* originally done by Bastard Squad. Boot Militias own songs are straight forward oi, rough and uncomprimising.Dutch

Self Released

Brassknuckle Boys
Fighting Poor EP

The Midwest is proving to be fertile grounds for ass kickin' oi bands and the Brassknuckle Boys are part on the new crop. Here's a comparison to blow your mind: Skrewdriver and the Hudson Falcons. A great first release from these guys and I'm looking forward to checking out their upcoming full length. Til then. Dutch

Fistful of Reality

The Casualties
For The Punks CD

Damn I'm too old to pogo at any sort of competitive level, hell I don't even think I could make the amateur team. The Casualties rip through 12 non-stop tracks of piss and vinegar, that's right ya schmuck... Pissed off punk rock. If you like yer punk at breakneck speeds that cover the tried and true topics of police brutality, destruction, drinking and love between the punk and skins, the Casualties are probably pissing right down yer alley. Dutch

GMM Records

Crosshair
Forward CD/Demo

The Lonestar state is pumping out a ton of great new bands and Crosshair is among them. Crosshair takes a roughneck approach to the music, gruff vocals and a pounding mid-tempo pace, no glam or glitter just a straight forward approach to the music. *Something to Fear* stands out as the best track on the CD. Dutch

Self Released

Dead End Cruisers/ Throwaway Generation
Split EP

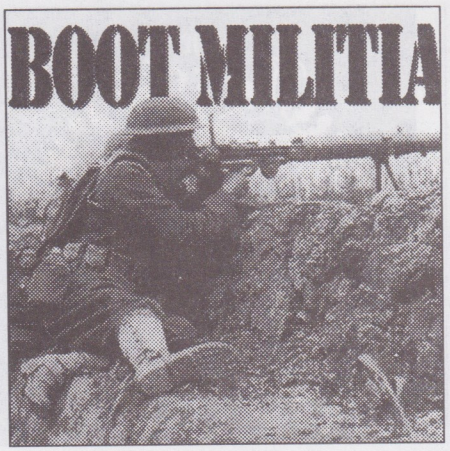
The Dead End Cruisers have been busy as of late, cranking out the tracks like a meth feind folding the laundry (if that makes any sense to you, it's time to kick the junk pal). Anyways the Cruisers are not for everybody, bordering on a thin line between punk and glam, the Cruisers are often unexplainable. Good for you. Putting out tight tracks in whatever the hell it is they play.

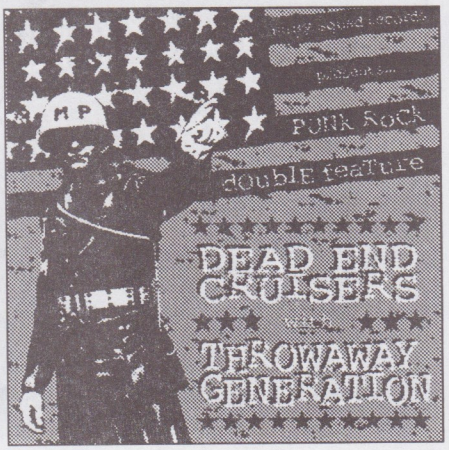
Throwaway Generation are more up my alley, tearing up energy induced tracks like the blue light special at Kmart (if that makes any sense to you, it's time to kick the junk pal). The Generation have a familar sound, but manage to keep throwing wrenches in right as I'm about to peg them to a band. Good for you. A comp well worth your attention. Dutch

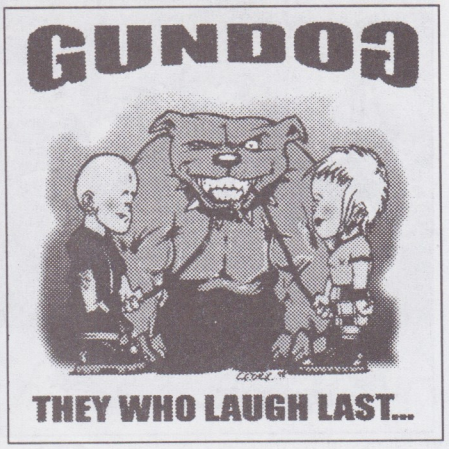
Unity Squad Records

Deal's Gone Bad
Overboard CD

First off!! You little Skinheads who don't "like" ska; go away. Second You little backpack totten Voodoo Glow Skulls Freaks Go away too. Now! The rest of you. You know who you are the ones who go see Toots and







Mr. Atkins... Listen up DGB, this is for you!!! This is seriously a great SKINHEAD REGGAE CD!! Moving in and out of rock steady to ska to reggae with the ease of a light saber through BUTTER. 11 great tracks (and I hear there great live TOO!) HINT HINT MR. MIDWEST OI! FEST MAN. Brian Bomb
Jump Up Records

DeHUMANized
Problems First CD

This is pretty straightforward angry punk... nothing really surprising from this label. Fuzzy guitars, vocals talking about social change, pounding drums- not too special. This CD doesn't exactly make me wanna get up and rock, but it's nothing too entirely crappy, either – pretty damn middle-of-the-road punk. SkaJester
New Red Archives

Dirty Politicians
New Age EP

Something magical can happen when some punks and skins get together to make music. Here we have a taste of just that from Chapel Hill, NC in the form of the Dirty Politicans. They remind me a bit of early 7 Seconds, a little slower but the structures and sound of the songs are there. The track People like you is one that I'm sure alot of can relate to, and isn't that what is important Dutch
Murder & Mayhem

Disorderly Conduct
Love Thy Neighbor CD

Haven't heard much from these guys. But what I've heard I really like. This CD is no exception. Mean vocals, which I like, and a little bit faster oi or streetpunk – which I love! I like this band a lot and predict they're going places. Pick this one up – I really don't think you'll be disappointed you did. I've listened to this CD several times already and love it. So two big thumbs up for this one! James
Vulture Rock

Dr. Ring-Ding
Digging Up Dirt: The Version Album '95-'99

Hey!!! I fucking love this "Version" shit. Last week before the AF show I melted down a 900watt amp cranking out The Clash "Black Market Clash". So if you love to crank up the dub/dancehall with the heavy heavy monster beats this is a great disc.. A couple of week tracks but for the most part it deserved to be played so loud you have to go out side! Were you can still fill the bass!!! This is superduperfucken music. Brian Bomb
Jump UP Records

Dwarves
Come Clean CD

Alright, all you bastards at Epitaph trying to win over good reviews by sending a 4ft poster of two naked sprassies covered in cleansing bubbles standing next to a naked male midget, well... it worked. LIES!!!!!!!!!! Don't get me wrong, but are we sure this is the Dwarves, I've heard more offensive songs come from the Backstreet Boys (that was when I did my other zine, Teen-o-rama-jama.) I'm not sure about this first song, is it a joke? *Let Us Show You How It's Done*, sounds like the plethora of pop crap being cranked out on a daily basis, so are they showing all the crap bands how they can sound crap too, but just better than they can. Trust me there are some fucking blazing tunes on this, but overall it's standard jock-rock crap. I'm fuckin disappointed. Thanks for the poster though I'll look at while I listen to other bands. Dutch
Epitaph

F-Minus
F-Minus CD

Fast, angry, punk with a touch of hardcore (and is that a little thrash metal I hear?). 20 songs in 17 minutes... frankly, to me, it just sounds like one long song. There are two chicks in the band, but they don't get used vocally enough to where it matters. For the headbanger in everyone that you try and suppress. It's mean and fast, but wait to find it in the used bin before you pay 12 bucks for this. SkaJester
Hellcat Records

Guttersnipe
Never Surrender, Never Give In CD

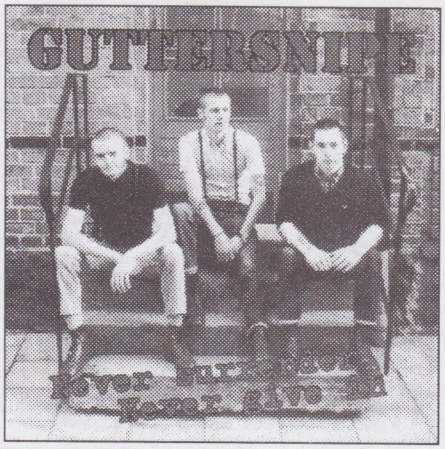
I could of given it the ol' "check last issue for the review of this 7'" But dammit I like these too damn much to give them that ol' dis. This band has a perfect combination of over-the-top gruff vocals, heavy, crunching guitars mixed in with the pure heart of oi. Check out the review of their full length. . . Dutch
Sidekick

Guttersnipe
Guttersnipe CD

I've said it before and I'll say again: Sweden is turning out some great new bands, but when the trend is over and the dust settles, one band will remain. That band will be Guttersnipe, the most powerful band coming out of the Swedish punk/oi craze. If you don't believe me fine, if you think the only heavy thing coming out of Sweden is Black Metal and top heavy blondes, fine. But rest assured Gutttersnipe will change your mind. They've added a member since their last release and the music has only gotten that much fuller. These guys got their game on, the energy is solid throughout the release and doesn't leaving you hanging. Now get yer asses to America. . . .Dutch
Sidekick

Gundog
They Who Laugh Last... CD

I'm fully impressed by these guys. A great and unusual blend of heavy driving guitar, growling vocals and melodic bodies and bridges in all the tracks. Not yer typical "oi oi skinhead" theme running through the lyrics; here's one track in particular, *Mr Nutter* (no not Chris Nutter ya webheads), the best I can tell, it's about a guy who fucks his dead mother and eats his own shit because he too scared to talk to girls. All around this is a fantastic release and I'm pretty damn sure there is more Gundog out on the shelves to be had. Dutch
Sidekicks



Hudson Falcons
Desperation and Revolution CD

You know you already got this, so what else is there to say. The Falcons have been barraging the states over the past year, spreading the heartfelt music that has helped catapult them into the spotlight. Their new release *Desperation and Revolution* is among some of the best new material to come out of the oi and punk genre. They've been called the Rick Springsteen of Oi (I wouldn't know cause I couldn't name one of his songs other than *Born in the U.S.A.)*. 14 solid tracks all together, some remixes of past songs: Free Lori, The Rat Is Dead. A killer cover of GLC and more politically inspired tracks than you can shake a stick at. Even a new obligatory Irish ballad, hell it's all here. I do have to say I could of done without the track Revolution. The word is a trap, in that I mean there is only one way to really sing the word "revolution" that's drawing out the "rev" and also the "ah" then hitting an uncomfortable high note with "looo" and back down to "shun." Too many who have walked before the Falcons have made this same mistake, don't take it personally guys. Dutch

GMM Records

The Inciters
Doing Fine (CD)

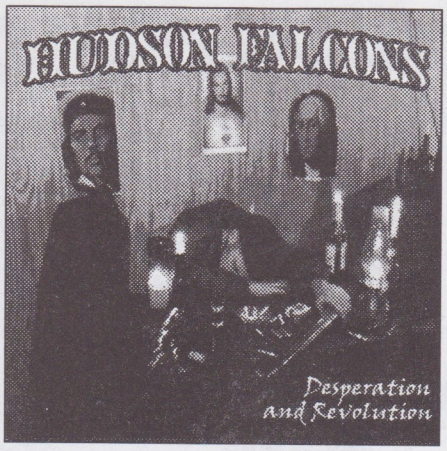
Overall I liked this CD although a couple of songs with female vocals lacked passion. Nobody wants to hear bland soul. This is a large band with 11 members and they are really together. Actually this is a great band to see live. Definitely get this album if you are into dance music (particularly `60s soul) because there are plenty of upbeat numbers along with a couple of slow songs that are really well done too. Maria

Jump Up! Records

Jon Cougar Concentration Camp
Hot Shit CD

With *Hot Shit* Jon Cougar Concentration Camp has proven it is more than a great name. The bad has refined its amped-up rockabilly/punk sound into a cohesive album with absolutely no dead spots. The high speed ol' time rock riffs provide a background for Dave Swain `77 style vocals that prevents the band from coming across like Rancid Jr. The opening riff to this fucker smokes like a fresh pile of dog shit on newly fallen snow. RamJam

BYO Records



Krays/Infiltrators
Split EP

The Krays have been kicking it for some time now and I have yet to hear two tracks that sound the same out of them. Their side of this split starts off with *Radio* as you can probably guess it's about how radio sucks. Then they follow it up with an outstanding cover of the Who's *Wont Get Fooled Again* and they did right.

The infiltrators, I love it whan a band can fit 4 tracks on one side of a 7". Starting off with a great track that is also on their full length *Troublemakers* sounds even better with the crackle of vinyl behind it. The Infiltrators definitly got something going for them all they need to do is spread it around now. Dutch

Welfare Records

Last Laugh
Let's Take It Back Demo

It's a good thing they labelled this a demo, or I think I would've thrown it out the window. These guys have a good sound going, but they really need to work out some of the kinks. They're all over the place, and need to get tighter. What they have here sounds like early Rancid. Not that that's a bad thing, but Last Laugh needs to do some work before they put out a full-length. . . . SkaJester

Skamania Productions

The Louts
The Louts EP

Soccer balls and bottles of booze adorn the cover so you can guess what's inside... it's a party. The first outting for this Raleigh, NC band will not disappoint. They remind me a lot of the Randumbs, mainly in their lyrics.



Call and response vocals with a lot of sing along choruses. To top it off the bass work on this is fucking insane. Dutch

Murder and Mayhem Records

Main Street Saints
Everybody Wants To Goto Heaven... CD

You know, it is unethical to review your own CD, so what you are reading is not so much a review as it is an overview. 16 tracks of new and old material that will blow your non-Saint mind. Gold baby, pure fucking gold. If only more bands could be so passionate, driven, inspiring, hard rockin' mother fuckers. Damn this CD is hot, hot, hot, hot. But don't take my opinion, drop some cash and get one fer yerself! Dutch

GMM Records

Marching On
Shores of Vinland CD

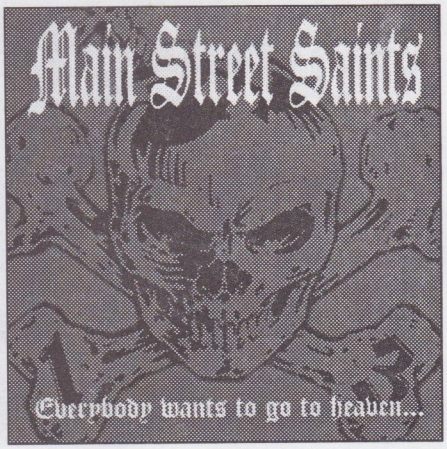
I don't know folks. I thought these guys were real tight in their last incarnation: The Unruly, but this new line up and sound are not what I was expecting. Along with the name change the band has crossed over that fine line of punk-oi-hardcore to the balladish side of metal, not a good move fellas. It's a sad day when you see a skinhead strumming an acoustic guitar, and an over concerned, overly tattooed front man clutching the mic and trying to pull the tears of pride out of you. Think about a room of skinheads falling silent to listen to the intricate picking of classical acoustic and you'll see where I'm coming from. Dutch

Nordisc

Mega Super Ultra
Power Pop Art CD

Well MegaSuperUltra is so... um.. god it was right there. Either they sound like the *Jam* or they sound like *Elvis Costello*.. If this is what you crave.... what you got to have, then they do it well. Poppy MOD stuff. If you own a 3 button suite and ride hairdryers with 10 or 8inch wheels and like to use the word "chow" you will love this. BrianBomb

Jump Up Records



One Man Army
Last Word Spoken CD

I thought I had the Army's sound pegged on their last release. Now I'm not sure if my memory fails me or these guys have completely changed their sound. What have here is a Stiffsish (Working that is, not Fingers), Beltonesie, Utterie, punk folk thang. Folk huh, more and more of that lately, folk has found it's way into punk (or has it always been there). Plenty of power throughout the CD, great mix and production. A little note to the band though: psst, quit following trends and set them. Dutch

Adeline Records

Paul Jones
Pucker Up Buttercup CD

First things first, if you don't know the blues... you don't know shit! Now I'm not talking about that hi-bred, skinny white boy strummin' his 12 step blues progressions while wailing about his high class women. No I'm talking about nitty gritty raw to the bone blues, blues with grit, rough, unpolished, dirty and from the gut. And right now Fat Possum Records is putting the best of it out. Paul Jones is a prime example, guitar blues, from electric (with a whole band backing him) to acoustic (with spoons in the background,) singing about Jesus and getting it one time with Buttercup. Personally I would rather raise my beer and drink to the blues before tipping back with Northern soul or reggae any day. Dutch

Fat Possum

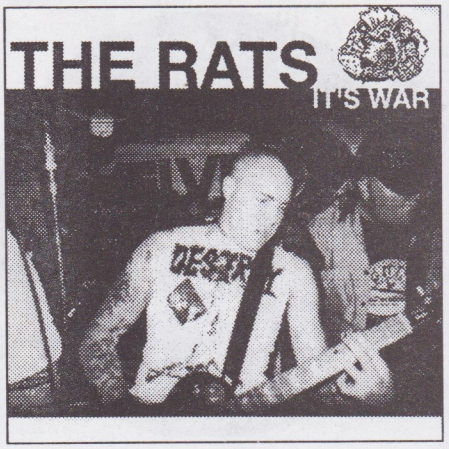
Pavers
Local 1500 CD

Sucks! Well not if yer a Offspring/neo-alternative fan. Produced by Bill Stevenson; If that means something to you than I'm sure you'll like it. Dutch

Owned and Operated Records

Pinhead Gunpowder
Shoot the Moon EP

Pinhead Gunpowder has brought the fun back to pop punk without losing the feeling. This EP is full of catchy polished tracks that hearken back to Green Day's *Lookout* days.



The album a little lighter than I care for, but the hooks, the three chords and a smile style always seem to find their way back into the stereo. RamJam

Adeline Records

Plow United
Narcolepsy CD

Mmm, Fugazi comes to mind, that is if they hadn't drifted down that dreamy road, poor little Ian. Only in that the songs have a sort of desperation in them, like, if you're not listening then some bad shit is going to happen. These guys come at ya full force and respect is due for that but after awhile it's like watching your best friend being attacked by his little brother, until the little brother collapses into tears cause big brother won't stop laughing. (Why these things pop into my mind I'll never know.) .Dutch

Creep Records

Pobel & Gesocks
Oi Punk Pervers CD

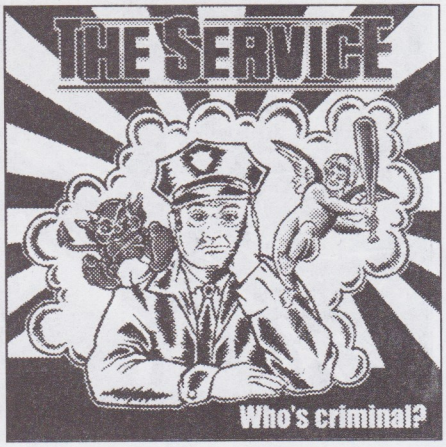
German oi sang in what else? German, which unfortunately I don't speak. So I can't comment on their lyrics. Hell, they could be yelling out a grocery list and I wouldn't know! But I like their sound. The vocals are gruff and the back-up vocals go well too. The music is that mid-tempo Oi, and there are even a few songs with some ska parts thrown in (for you well rounded skins who like ska). Worth checking out, particularly if you speak German. James

Vulture Rock

The Posers
The Posers CD

This one started out fast and furious! Even did good covers of the Blitz classic *Someone's Gonna Die* and *Threat* by the Pist. But then somewhere along the line they went a little too metallic, a little too crusty for my liking. A lot of styles influence this band – unfortunately crust and death metal seem to be major ones. Me personally, I'd pass on this one unless you like that crusty gutterpunk type of stuff. James

Oink! Records



The Products
Once again...The Products CD

This band is what I call "harmless punk". They've got simple lyrics, repetitive choruses and are pretty easy on the ears. They are a bit like old Rancid, a little poppy. This band is non-threatening and probably the type of punk a younger sibling would listen to before graduating to something that pisses off mom and dad. Maria

Sidekicks Records

The Pushers
Turning Blue CD

Have you ever been at bar and had music pumping out of various speakers, bashing your skull with the non-stop ramblings of some angst ridden punk ass kid, to the point that you learn to filter it. Then during a moment of quiet, a bit of the music catches your attention, and you want the whole fuckin' bar to shut the fuck up so you can hear the rest of the song... this is that band. 15 tracks of pure blooded rock-n-roll. The Pushers give respect to the Dead Boys with a cover of *Caught With The Meat In Your Mouth* and if that gives any indication to a sound you a familiar with then you will definitly want this burning up your stereo at home. Dutch

Disaster/Bomp

Rabble Rousers
Street Justice CD

Wasn't a big fan of this one. It was a little too "poppy" for my taste. A couple of the songs have a little ska added in which I really don't care for (what can I say – I'm not well rounded). One song does stand out though. "K- K- K Klansman" is pretty funny. Those of you out there whose tastes include the more "poppy" sounding punk bands check this out. They at least do it well. James

Blind Beggar Records

The Radiation Kings
Early Years CD

Female vocals! Damn, I'm a sucker for this shit, especially when they're as silky and smooth as Lisa White's are. The band is tight as hell, and sounds like a Motown







blues band crossed with the Skatalites. The songs do a nice range from bouncy to laid-back. Pick up this disc as soon as you see it. And when you see the back and inside cover, you'll most definitely want to anyway. SkaJester

Stubborn Records

The Rats
It's War CD

Holy shit, I am completely blown away, it's like I've flown to the East Bay circa 1980 something or other. Such California sounds come to mind as D.I., Doggy Styie, or very early Bad Religion, hell on a couple tracks leading up to the vocals I thought it was Bad Religion... Damn even some Reagan Youth. The Rats have captured in full that old California sound, I'm not sure if that was their intention, but they did and did it well. Dutch

Industrial Strength Records

The Real Kids
Down to You EP

Poppy, old school punk, played by some popped looking old school mofo's. Catchy tunes reminicent of the Birds. But I'm having a hard time getting past the image of the vocalist trying to hit these high, puberty type notes, as his hernia feels like it's going to burst. `60 garage rock baby, it's a hard image to maintain. Dutch

TKO Records

Retaliator
Order of Chaos (CD)

Before even listening to this two things stood out, one good and one bad. I didn't care for the name "Retaliator" too much – but on the plus side the picture disc is really cool. After listening to the CD I forgave them for the name. They can call themselves whatever the hell they want! This is the kind of good aggressive Oi that contributes to my anger management problems. The vocals are great and the lyrics are well written. The only complaint I have is periodically they throw in some metal guitar riffs (I blame the guy wearing the Slayer t-shirt in their picture!). I still recommend this though. Definitely worth picking up and checking out. James

Pure Impact Records

Rhythm Doctors
Reggae Injection CD

Old school reggae lovers get your wallets out. It's great to hear an obviously modern CD that sounds so classic. The organ adds a nice lounge touch to this really melodic album. I liked all 12 songs and think this instrumental CD belongs in your reggae collection. This is soft mood music performed by a talented group of guys that deserve some recognition. Pick this up if you appreciate nice mellow instrumental reggae. Maria

TKO Records

Sixer
Truth Hurts EP

TKO seems to be changing thing around the ol' office, and making room for a larger variety of acts. Sixer remind me of the snot nosed rockers of yesteryear. Nice guitar work, a little to "wanky" for me but they pull it off with a bit of grace. Two tracks on this slab, Truth Hurts and Fallen Angel, I think I see a patern devoloping here: A bit of frustrated misunderstood look at me blues. . . .Dutch

TKO Records

The Service
Who's Criminal CD

Just when you thought bands had dropped the late `80s hardcorehiphoppunkoi-fusion along comes the Service keeping a tradition alive. I will admit that these guys throw a great live performance, fully energy driven on the stage. However it is sometimes hard to convey that same energy in the studio and this band truly needs that to pull this off. The vocals are melody driven but often fall into a droning pattern that can work the nerves. Musically it damn catchy but does lend itself to the hiphop hardcore fusion reminiscent of late Warzone. If only they played the track *Mans Ruin* over and over again, I'd be much happier. Dutch

GMM Records

Smogtown
Führes of the new wave CD

An odd combination of the T.S.O.L, the U.S. Bombs and glam rock. Don't get your hopes up searching for a message other than that cancer is a hoax. As tight and well produced as the CD is it lacks in any sort of urgency, leaving me, the listener wanting a bit more out them. One song they're up and the next they're down, maybe just a rearrangement of the track would change my mind. The CD definitly needs something. Dutch

Disaster/Bomp

Soldier 76
Balance of Armor CD

Damn this smokes I feel for me to write a proper introduction for this CD I must first mention Boot Party. Boot Party were an oi band from a few years back from Fresno, CA of all places!! They put out a couple of 7's, and a full length on Vulture Rock. Boot Party have since called it a day, but their bass player Bo has resurfaced in Soldier 76. This packs the same power punches as *Bricks to Concrete* but the biggest difference would be in the production and guitar sound. They use that thin yet effective guitar sound much like the Templars and Back With A Bang era Skrewdriver. This CD is a must pick it up if you know that's good for you!! Mad Mitch

Vulture Rock

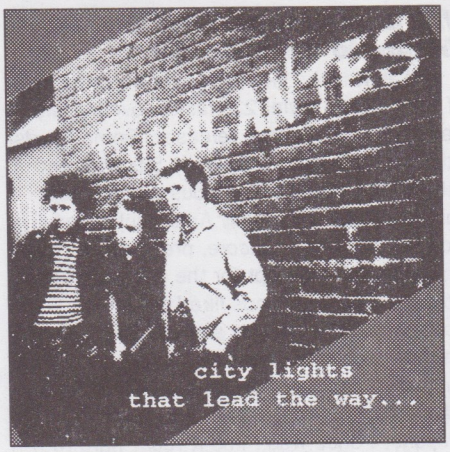
Soldier 76
Power It Up EP

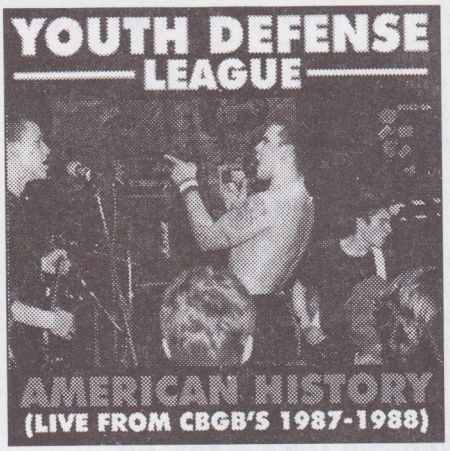
A little preview to the CD above. Now that Mitch has cleared the bands history with everyone we can get onto the music. I have to disagree about the Templars/Skrewdriver comparison. The guitars are definitly not the heaviest thing going, but they keep a full sound on the release. The instrumental left me a little high and dry, I kept anticipating a vocal burst only to be let down. I'd skip the 7" and head straight for the CD. . . .Dutch

Vulture Rock

Squiggy
Songs About Hate, Anger and the American Way CD

After a bit of quiet time Squiggy has come out punching with *Songs About Hate, Anger and the American Way.* 18 tracks of in your face no bullshit oi and punk. Squiggy has never been a band that held back to please the PC police or to make sure they







make music pleasant for everybody to listen to. No, Squiggy'll tell you like it fuckin is and if ya don't like ya might as well start packin! With tracks like *Welfare Case*, *Hang The Lawyers* and *Here Lies Liberty* you know right where these guys stand. The CD contains plenty on new material and also a ton of their previous 7" releases. Do yourself a favor and become Squigified. Dutch
Headache

Stubborn All-Stars
Nex Music CD

Laid-back, traditional ska from the best in the business. Django and company have brought you yet another disc made with the finest musicians. This is a nice and bouncy traditional ska album to get your ass out on the dance floor. *I'll Never Go Back Home* makes nice use of Vic Ruggiero's rough-as-sandpaper voice. Nothing new since *Back With A New Batch*, but a nice continuation from that album. SkaJester
Stubborn Records

Subway Thugs
Picture disc EP

The Thugs are often compared to the Templars. It is jusitifed and the band actually approves of the comparison. The Thugs do play in the Templars' high end groove and have had releases recorded at Acre. The guitar work of vocalist/guitarist Greg is outstanding, pulling off the same grace in live performances. 4 tracks here in what could be one of the last recording from the Subway Thugs, pressed on a killer looking picture disc. *Cheers to You* can easily be the one song that explains why the Thugs are the most underrated band that could of been (?) Dutch
Oink Records

Swinging Utters/ Youth Brigade
BYO Split Series CD

Blue duck, Red Duck, Green Duck, GREY DUCK!!!!!! Run it's the Utters new material. Seriously though, in all honesty I can say it pains me to listen to the Swinging Utters, but at the same time I am obsessed with the way they have ripped off (or borrowed) other promenient bands that I find myself listening to this everyday. You could use the term influecened but that would not reflect the truth, the obvious tracks 1,3 and 6: the Pogues, track 5: the Clash, track 4 I give to them. But track 2: *You Haven't Seen Yourself In Years*, ah ha you thought you could get away with it but alsa... HUSKER DU!!! The album: Songs From the Warehouse, the track: *These Important Years*, sound familiar? "I would of gotten away with it too if it wasn't for those damn medding kids."

YOUTH BRIGADE!!!! Start their share of this CD with Where Are All The Old Man Bars and the ride just gets better from there. Each song remains true to the Youth Brigade formula. Two songs really stand out for me and to anyone who has been in the scene for longer than they care to remember *It's Not Like That Anymore* "The battle cry of pissed off kids/ of getting high and kicking heads/ seems we've been consumed/ by mindless rage and corporate greed." *Let Them Know* is a sentimental look back and a thanks to all those who's paths have been crossed in one form or another by the band. Dutch
BYO Records

Templars/Wodnes Thegans
Split EP

If James Brown is the hardest working man in show business, then the Templars are the hardest working band in oi. It seems every time I turn around they have something new out. By now most of you should know their brand of British influenced oi. The Templars song on here; *No Compromise* sounds like it could fit on the Phase II LP. Wodnes Thegnas sounds just like a heavier guitar oriented version of the Templars. Mad Mitch
Haunted Town

Terminus City
My Castle EP

Terminus City
My Castle EP

Damn, I think we got a problem, Terminus City is proving to be unstopable in their riegn of terror concerning the youth of America. And to prove it they are waving yet two more releases in front of our faces. Can we do nothing to stop them. Wait a second, this is the same album, but it has been hindered by some mutant genetics and one of the songs has morphed. From the Cro-Mags *Hard Times* into Negative Approach's *Nothing*. Oh no we really are to lake, one of these releases has come from Holland. They have taken over Holland now too. . .Dutch
Squigtone Records
Mad Skull Records

Tiger Army
Tiger Army CD

Call me crazy, but Tiger Army fuckin' blows me away. Self proclaimed American Psycobilly, Tiger Army uses everything in its arsenal to keep your ass shaking and your foot stompin'. If your after the psycobilly sound of the Meteors or TR6 you'll have to keep searching. TA have polished each song past the standard psycobilly style giving themselves a distinct sound. Adding flavors of American roots rock, country and So. Cal. punk wrap things up good and proper.Dutch
Hellcat

The Vigilantes
City Lights That Lead The Way CD

Never assume, never.... I looked at the cover of this CD and saw the three pencil necks on the cover with their pretty, spiky hair and heads cocked. "Oh no" I say to myself, "another band from the Boston area playing the tried and true sounds of street-punk." Holy fuck I couldn't of been further from the truth. The Vigilantes are taking a broad step out of what has become a sure-fire sound for success and put together their own melody to rebellion. Hail Jeff Bakos! Listening to this 3 man army of a thousand is a feat in itself, the sound on this is so full and "phat" (yup, I said phat) that it's hard to believe that they are a three piece band. Take that to the Clairmont! Dutch
GMM Records

Voice of a Generation
My Generation CD

Seeing as the guitarist of this band pro-

duced the "Products" CD it is no wonder that they sound almost identical. Another generic punk band. This CD is a (short) three song sample of boring punk rock. If you like Epitaph you'll probably like this band. If mild pop punk doesn't quite do it for you, stay away from this one. Maria
Sidekicks Records

Voice Of A Generation
Obligations To The Odd CD

A Swedish band that sounds straight outta SF. Comparable to the Swinging Utters and the Working Stiffs. Musically they are fantastic, the production quality is superb, all around the band is great. The sad thing is it is played out, as I said they sound a lot like the Utters or the Stiffs and if I closed my eyes while holding the CD I couldn't tell you adam from eve. I'm not taking anything away from the band but as the old saying goes... Get in line. Dutch
Sidekicks Records

Voice Of A Generation
The Odd Generation EP

Hey it's me again, can you believe this: three reviews for the same band. If I'm not mistaken this release preceeds both of those above. I really like these guys that week. Since we have stated that: yes, the band is talented, yes, they sound like their from the West Coast, yes, they will be more famous than your band. Lets talk about the girls in Sweden. Dutch
DSS

Violent Affray
Lets AU It EP

There's nothing quite like hearing new English oi bands. The classics are great but they are from another day. Violent Affray is in the here and now and it shows nowhere more than in their lyrics. Songs about soccer violence from the 70's or 80's differ from those of today, *Hooligan*: Bricks and bottles, stanley knives/I see the hatred in your eyes/ Standing with your mates in a trendy bar/ Your girlfriend thinks you're washing your car. 4 tracks of solid fuckin music on this bad ass slab of wax, I suggest you find yourself a copy. Dutch
New Blood

The Warriors
The Last Resort EP

Correct me if I'm wrong, I do know for a fact that some members of this band are in Gundog, but I believe there are members from the original Last Resort are also in this band. I don't know. The first side of this EP didin't do anything for me, it was extremely beefy but at the same time really had nothing to it. The flip side however comes off a lot better, more variation in the structure and such, the guitar work is much better. A track about the ill's that heroin and other such crap drugs can bring tumbling down on you Dutch
Walzwerk

Wretch Like Me
Calling All Cars CD

You know, I was gonna slam this band and take out all my anti-punk zine reviews of oi bands aggression out on them, but the hidden tracks saved them from an undeserved tongue lashing. So I will leave it this: they could survive the MTV pop circuit just fine. Dutch
Owned and Operated Records

Working Stiffs
Through Thick & Thin Cd

The Dropkicks...er I mean the Stiffs start off with a very Dropkickish intro. OK, they do not really sound like the Dropkick Murphys (`cept for the intro) and if you really think about it, I think the Stiffs showed up on the scene first. BUT THAT IS NO EXCUSE!!!!!! We've heard all these songs before in one form or another, on the said intro, the bass line was so predictable it wasn't even funny. It's time for a major overhaul in the California punk music scene. I'm sure the support groups sounded like a good idea at first but now that you are all on the same musical track, you are on a train going nowhere fast. Dutch
TKO Records

Youth Defense League
American History CD/LP

"Ladies and gentlemen the voice of Brooklyn, YDL." Late `80s American Oi core. These are all live recordings from CBGBs. More than decent sound quality. Seeing as they were from New York there is a strong NYHC influence so their sound is a little harder and heavier that other American Oi bands of this period. Strong patriotic and working class stance taken. There's a YDL bootleg going around that's got their American Pride 7" and Skin for Skin demo on it but this should be easier to get a hold of. Mad Mitch
Vulture Rock

The Zillionairs
The Zillionairs LP

You know it takes a big man to admit that he likes the pink vinyl record that his buddies have spotted on the turn table, but I imagine it takes a bigger man or group of men to have their record pressed on pink vinyl. The Zillionairs play a trashy mix of garage punk and the Circle Jerks. Songs so simple your mama could play them, but I doubt she could come up with the lyrics or the fuck-it-all attitude that goes along. A great release, but don't look for this to set any standards. Dutch
Unity Squad Records

V/A Boston Drops The Gloves: a Tribute to Slapshot CD

Well it looks like Boston is honoring one of their own in style. 22 tracks covering the gamut of the Slapshot releases. Some bands stick to the map laid down by Slapshot and others take their own glorious take on certain tracks, most notably Anal Cunts rendition of *Old Tyme Hardcore*, pretty much unrecognizable except for the chorus, way to go boys. Then ya bands like Last In Line, doing *No Guts No Glory* and you find yourself checking the credits to see if that was Choke singing or not. Fans of Slapshot will definitely want this, however as much as a fan of Slapshot I once was I find it really hard to make it through the whole CD. Dutch
TKO/Flat Records

V/A Boycott Radical Records CD

That's right boycott fuckin Radical Records! Look at them, putting out that vile punk and traitorous oi music, not to mention the racial harmony promoted by ska, ba humbug to them. Seriously though, we got ourselves a compilation of recent Radical Records releases featuring (but not limited to): The Cuffs, Blanks 77, Inpecter 7, The Booked, Road Rage and many more. The CD is a good representation of what Radical releases. Dutch
Radical Records

V/A Give'em The Boot II CD

Ok!!! Its Cheap! It has 21 Tracks! Why don't you have it? The only song that I can't stand is Rancid's (yes a Rancid song I don't like). What has the world come to? They did there rendition of the punk/skinhead anthem, Sham 69's classic "If the Kids are United." It didn't work! To much fancy bass and to week of chorus in my humble opinion. Well don't let that stop ya from getting a great sample of HellCats get bands. Brian Bomb
HellCat Records

V/A Pope Kevorkian Presents: Got a Match? CD

Remember when punk was something dirty that you listened to in the dark corners of your bedroom, hoping your parents wouldn't catch you degrading your mind with such filth... oh wait that wasn't punk rock that was the Penthouse mag from yer dads closet. Well if it was punk rock it would of been this CD, this truly brought me back a bit. This comp is chuck full of old school, old heart punk. A couple of the stand out bands present, Abalienation, D.U.I., the Lizzies and Peter Head and the Pitchfork Militia, hands down. I have a couple qualms about the sound quality on some tracks, and don't hand me that "it's only punk rock" crap cause I'll crush you where you stand!!!!!! (sorry, I hate that cop-out excuse). Dutch
Exploitation Records

V/A The Kids Wanna Riot CD

I'm sure many of you when to the "Kids Wanna Riot" tour that blew through just about every state in the U.S. And then jumped ship and headed over to Europe. This CD showcases all the bands that played on the European and Scandinavian dates. The CD features the Dropkick Murphys (duh), Bombshell Rocks, Gundog, Voice of a Generation, The Products, Guttersnipe (watch out for these youngsters!!!) 59 Times The Pain, Oxymoron and the Business. This comp should be noted for the uprising Scandinavian bands that are currently ripping the oi scene a new asshole. Dutch

Sidekick

V/A Welcome to the Welfare State CD

Artcore fanzine in conjunction with Better Youth Organization have compiled one hell of a CD of English bands. Some of the groups on here are of familiar flavor while other are the new kids on the block. This CD starts off with what has become my favorite track on the CD: Over the Wall by Goober Patrol going through the paces of high speed snotty no bullshit punk. also Red Flag 77 with *How Low* and Road Rage's most "comped" song *When We Were Boys*. The Newtown Grunts do a great cover of *Solidarity* and the best cover of em all SNUFF with Gloria Gainer's *I Will Survive* fuck Beck's tighty whity version of this song, now it's got some fuckin balls!!!!!! After that track the rest of the CD is a blur for me. If you want to check out some of he new game and some of the veterans coming out England grab this. Dutch

BYO/Artcore

V/A We Will Never Die! Vol. 2 CD

I love the European oi sound as much as the next guy. But them chaps overseas have a different perspective on the music than us yanks do. 23 tracks of metal induced, nationalist, beer slobbering oi. Bands from France to Greece, Poland to Brazil are featured here and its about 30-70 ratio on songs sung in English. Pretty good, just a bit to metal for my taste. Dutch

Nordisc

V/A Underground Invasion Vol. 3 CD

Most of the bands on this comp are awful. Crust, new school hardcore (bad metal?). You know what I'm talking about. But in my mind when you get a comp with 30 bands on it for only $5 you only need to find a few good ones to justify the expense. On this CD The 239 Scams and The Suffragettes are those bands (at least for me). The rest? Well, all you crusty gutter-punks out there start begging for change because you'll love this. James

Beer City Records

V/A Vulture Rock Promotional EP #4

Ah one of the sacred and much sought after Vulture Rock promo EP's. I swear he puts these out just to fuck with people, I've never seen on in the store. Usually containing tracks off of up coming Vulture Rock releases there are also the rare demo tracks or non-published tracks thown in. 6 bands featuring the Templars, the Unruly, Youthfull Offenders, Disorderly Conduct, Moloko Men and Impact. Just look at that variety on a fuckin 7" I think nothing else needs be said. Dutch

Vulture Rock

SLOPPY SECONDS

aka reissues

4skins

Singles and rarities CD

Alright so who has heard the rumor or story that the CD pressing plant that Captain Oi uses has gone under new management and refuses to print or hand over their material due to the fact that the new bossman thinks Captain Oi is producing, promoting, and distributing racist, evil skinhead bands. I'm not sure if it has been resolved but we'll keep ya up to date. So the 4skins huh..... I gotta say this one has a few new (old but new to me) tracks that I haven't had the pleasure of hearing before. Namely *Merry Christmas Everybody* off of the Bollocks to Christmas comp also *Brave New World, Bread or Blood*. That's it from me chaps. . .Dutch

Captain Oi

Angelic Upstarts

The EMI Punk Years. CD

So I get this letter/zineish/info package from guy with a handful of material on EMI and how they are now making some instruments of mass destruction for various government organization, not to mention putting some bands into the billboard top 40 chart. The Angelic Upstarts huh..... This bad boy is about 50/50 with me. The first half is full of steadfast classics, then ya got the other half. I actually had someone leave my cube (yes my fucking cube!!!!) cause they could not withstand they vile muck spewing out of my speakers. I mean it, EMI could of used these tracks as their new weapon of mass destruction, the enemy would run their ass off if they heard this crap coming. Viva La Victory. Dutch

Captain (give us our records please) Oi

Best Defense

Six Gun Justice LP

Calling this an oi record is almost unfair, it's more a skinhead rock-n-roll album boarding on RAC. Originally released in 1988 on Oi Core Records, reissued a couple of years ago on CD by Pure Impact. Now thanks to the folks at Haunted Town it's available in the states and on vinyl. The vocals are completely different for this style of music, fans of Brass Tacks and Terminus City would enjoy this. Mad Mitch

Haunted Town

Bonecrusher

Singles Collection CD

Unfuckingbelievable. It pisses me off when I hear of bands out there, but am sceptical of buying their releases for one reason or another, only to be blown away by them a year later. I should have known. Bonecrusher is a power house of punk, the vocals are deep and not the least bit nasaly which is something to be said for a California band. Maybe the rest sing the way they do because they know any imitation would pale in comparison. The band as a full package tear through track after track of melodic hardcore, great song structures and original progressions. I can honestly say this rerelease is worth searching for. If you thought you've heard it all before you haven't. Pick this up and find out where the Vigilantes got if from. .Dutch

Outsidder Records

Cockney Rejects

The Power and the Glory CD

I'm fucking sorry but the Rejects have got to be one of the most laughable bands to be branded with the oi label. Granted early on they had some winners, but moving on through their "career" the songs they spat out were pure crap. Melodramatics from a bunch of underfed English drunks. Forever Blowing Bubbles, sure it's not on this record, but they were responsible for it. For that, I'll never forgive. Dutch

Captain (who you call'n racist) Oi

V/A Carry On Oi

Could someone please tell me when they thought it would be a good idea to throw poetry on oi CDs? Anyways this classic starts off with a poem by Gary Johnson (A oi poem by Dutch: Gary liked poetry, Gary liked pretty flowers in his window sill, Gary wore womens underwear. Gary doesn't read poems anymore.) As you know many of the comps from yesteryear rehash many of the same tracks over and over. Carry On Oi! luckily has a good bit of var ety compared to other comps, that is if you like poems. It also comes in a neat little cardboard case with a postcard of the cover for all you collector types. I'll be honest, when these were new releases, I had the poems memorized, accents and all. zigga zagga zigga zagga oi oi oi. Dutch

Captain (poetry readings after hours in the coffee shops) Oi!

OxyMoRoN



"Westworld" MCD/MLP

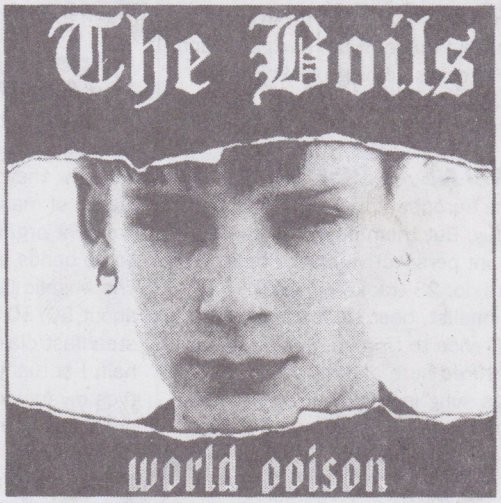


"The Pack Is Back" CD/LP



WEEKEND BOWLERS
"In Over Our Heads" 7" EP

4 cuts of hard hitting street rock n roll



THE BOILS
"World Poison" CD

15 rambunctious punk tracks from Philly

coming soon: Dead Empty 7", Dead Empty CD EP, Throwaway Generation CD, and Hudson Falcons / GC5 Split 7"

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